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THE GENIUS OF RAPHAEL.—CHAP. II.

No quiso el cielo que hablasse  
Porque cor mi entendimiento  
Diesse mayor sentimiento  
A las cosas que pintasse.—  
Y tanta veda les di  
Cor el pincel singular  
Lue como no pude hablar,  
Hize que hablassen por mí.—

*Lope de Vega.*

ITALY so long the seat of Art, was never more exalted in the glories of a civilized nation, than at the auspicious period which gave birth to her Raphael.\*—She had been acknowledged by the consent of polished Europe, the only land where fame twined her laurelled wreath amid the clamors of war.—Envy itself stood aghast, and drooped at the refinement of her attainments.—Other climes might boast extent of conquest, vanquished foes, and bloody fields, but Italy alone enjoyed the triumphs of Art, and perfections alike both in painting and sculpture.†

Genius the theme of triumph in all nations, incontestably belonged to Raphael, for in every subject touched upon by his divine pencil, the demonstrative acquirements of Art lie hid beneath the pure variety of nature. It forms a portion of the Poet and Painter, which study can never acquire or labour attain. It is a natural not an arti-

\* Raffaele Sanzio was born at Urbino in 1483, the only son of Govanne de Santi, a painter of meagre and slight capacity. His Master was Pietro Perugino.

† Painting appeared in its primitive lustre under the Emperors, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan.

ficial spirit. It is great, for it vanquishes greatness; it is mighty, for it includes sciences the most occult, and talents the most perfected. It is a facility of thought, a vivid gift of imagination, a correctness of feeling, a ray of the soul, which lights the possessor to the most exalted efforts of man. Nature is feeble—she contracts habits by accident, and is moulded according to the exigencies of life: it is that which the painter should attain, but it is also that which he should treat unaffectedly, as in its purity consists its grace, its elegance, and charm. Art assists nature in particular productions only; in truth though perfection in Art, is a reflection of perfection in nature, it nevertheless possesses so many inexhaustible beauties, that experience is continually discovering new works, new gems, differing both in the particular productions of the one, and innate grace of the other.

Raphael was a painter so consummate in judgment, so accomplished in science, so much admired and revered in the age in which he flourished, his works so cherished in succeeding generations, and his memory so prized, that it becomes no less a matter of profound merit in the estimation of his votaries, to dwell on the praises he won, than on the reasons which led to their attainments, and to the success which followed. Never perhaps was there a man who could handle so ably the minutest objects, and range them in the paths of science, as Urbino—who could stretch forth into the intellectual world of thought, and grasp at once the passions and feelings of the human soul, alike superior to and above the material appearances of earth.\*

In endeavouring to look into the character of Sanzio, it will be necessary to pass over coolly and expediently, the acquisitions of an ardent and brilliant imagination, and judge carefully of that refined taste so requisite in the formation of a painter. Raphael if we except the grace of Salvator, ease of Domenichino, and accomplishment of Correggio, obtained the charm of unaffected taste in drawing and colouring, without either the finish or study of true historic character. Lavater possessed imagination, Rubens superiority of thought,† Ti-

\* The grace and genius of the mechanical or executive part of the Art, may be called its ease and facility. There is undoubtedly something fascinating in seeing that done with careless ease, which others do with laborious difficulty; the spectator unavoidably by a kind of natural instinct, feels that general animation with which the hand of the artist seems to be inspired. *Du Fresnoy.*

† Of all painters, Rubens appears to claim the first rank for facility, both in the invention and in the execution of his works; it makes so great a part of his excellence, that take it away, and half at least of his reputation will go with it. *Ibid.*

tian judgment, Velasquez correctness of idea, but Urbino united all in nearly equal degrees. They were the offspring of a mind which laughed at the schools of propriety, and conscious of its own greatness, retained excellence in whatever course accident or fancy made the object of ambition.

The scope he possessed in the selection of particular masters, tended much to the improvement of his style, which in the early years of his study was mannered and forced.\* Caprice led him frequently into error, and the adoption of new ideas influenced too frequently the steady development of his faculties. He manifested in many of his early productions a clearness partaking of the Flemish school; but, during the last years of his life appears to have copied the pale tints and azure grounds of Da Vinci.† He also imbibed, in a slight degree, the spirited manner of the French contemporaries, and used more slender proportions, more seductive grace, and less grandeur, less expansion and breadth. He possessed the power to charm, the elegance of free execution, the purity of delicate design. His Madonnas enhance our love, claim our adoration, call forth the sweetest smiles of enchantment. His heroes seem bursting from the canvass in all the energetic force of valor. The slightest actions in the meanest portion of his works glow forth in splendor from debasement, and varying, as they do, in every grade and vivid movement of Art, still are nature's own in the diversity of expression. His whole produc-

\* This is particularly visible in his draperies and *passage*.

† Leonardo da Vinci was born near Florence, in 1445. He was, perhaps, a man as universally accomplished as ever existed. Not only admirable beyond his predecessors in his own profession of painting, but an excellent architect and musician, and of great skill as an anatomist. Besides all these talents, he was, according to Vasari, the best extempore rhymist of his time, and the history of his death in the arms of Francis the First, is thus elegantly described: "Finalmente venuto vecchio, stette molti mesi ammalato, et vedendosi vicino alla morte, si volse diligentemente informare de le cose catoliche, et della via buona, et santa religione christiana, et poi con molti pianti confesso e contrito, se bene e' non poteva reggersi in piedi soste nendosi nelle braccia di serio amici, e servi, volse divotamente pigliare il santissimo sacramento, fuor dell letto: so pragnuseli il Rè che spesso e amerevolmente le soleva visitare: per il che egli per riverenza rizzatosi a sedere sul letto, centando il mal suo et gli accidenti di quello mor-trava tuttavia quanto aveva offeso dio, et gli huomini del mendo, non avendo operato nel arte come si conveniva: onde gli venne un parosismo messaggero della morte. Per la qual cosa rizzatosi il Rè, et presola la testa per aiutarlo, et porgerli favore accio che il male lo alleggerisse; lo spirito suo, che divinissimo era, conoscendo non potere havere maggiore honore, spirò in braccio à quell rè nella età sua d'anni 75."—*Vasari*.

tions, in truth, are lit with such glorious rays of passion and loveliness—are veiled in so many intricacies of shade, and throned in so many brilliancies of light—are crowned with such intermixtures of colour, and variety of tint—that vain thousands rise from obscurity with the hope of imitating his greatness, or approaching the hallowed precincts of his fame.

To one, and one alone can he yield the palm of a single branch of his Art. Rembrandt, in force and energy, far surpasses Urbino—there is a grace in Raphael, Van Pryn has not, but the latter possesses a power and strength beyond the former, both in stateliness and gait.\* His peculiar studies led him into so many opposite efforts, that the pride which he took in the force of his compositions, would surprise and astonish us, did we not read in the following passages of his French Biographer the motives which led and the passions that cherished them; “*Les murs de son atelier convertis de vieux habits, de piques et d’armures extraordinaires, étoient toutes ses études, ainsi qu’une armoire pleine d’étoffes anciennes, et d’autres choses pareilles qu’il avoit coutume d’appeller ses antiques.* Rembrandt, qui se glorifioit de n’avoir jamais vu l’Italie, le dit un jour que Vandick l’étoit venu visiter à Amsterdam: et qui lui répondit, ‘*Je le vois bien.*’ Rembrandt naturellement brusque reprit: ‘*Qui es tu pour me parler de la sorte?*’ Vandick répondit: ‘*Monsieur, je suis Vandick, pour vous servir.*’”†

Raphael’s composition was pure and perfect.‡ It contributed much to the truth of history, and added clearness and brilliancy to the allegories which, at that period of the world, men felt and admired, not more for their obscurity than for the metaphorical imaginations that produced them. A fruitfulness of fancy pervaded his every production, differing from each other as they did in thought and feeling. It proves to the sight beauties ingeniously perfected and advantageously grouped—it exhibits chasteness, both in living and inanimate objects; and a general exactness in execution of subject and imagination.

His expressions are proofs of his penetration and discernment,

\* Rembrandt Van Pryn was born near Leyden, 1606; and died at Amsterdam, 1674.

† *Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameuse Peintres.*

‡ It has been said to be Annibal Caracci’s opinion, that a perfect composition ought not to consist of more than twelve figures, which he thought enough to people three groups, and that more would destroy that majesty and repose, so necessary to the grand style of painting.—*Reynolds.*



they are glorious accompaniments of just and delicate composition—they are happy relations of admirable painting, and sprightliness of scene—they form true relics of joy, innocence and love, war, hatred and horror.

His design, being the basis and foundation of all his other perfections, was truly correct; both in the terminating parts minute and disentangled, and in the loftier portions ingeniously managed and arranged; marked with admirable ease and energy, vivid in penetration and effect. \*

His attitudes were mostly good, but in some of his paintings a stiffness both in the ponderation and contrast is evident, owing, it appears to his following so minutely the statues of the ancients.

His draperies also for the same reason were affected; hardness in his folds, seemed to clothe and dress his figures in a continued circle of whiplash, and surrounded the members with harsh artificial contrasts, depriving painting of that calm and soft manner it so eminently demands.

His perspective was rather exposed to laziness on his part, and occupied a very subordinate feature in his early compositions. † He, however, improved during the few last years of his life, from an intercourse with Francia, and may be said at the time of his death, to have surpassed all the greatest masters of Italy in the perfection of its degrees. It regulated the operations of his pencil, and consum-

\* Nothing in the Art requires more attention and judgment, or more of that power of discrimination which may not improperly be called genius, than the steering between general ideas and individuality; for though the body of the work must certainly be composed by the first, in order to communicate a character of grandeur to the whole, yet a dash of the latter is sometimes necessary to give an interest. An individual model, copied with scrupulous exactness, makes a mean style, like the Dutch; and the neglect of an actual model, and the method of proceeding solely from idea, has a tendency to make the painter degenerate into a mannerist. It is necessary to keep the mind in repair, to replace and refreshen those impressions of nature which are continually wearing away.—*Reynolds.*

† By a story told of Rubens, we have his authority for asserting that to the effect of the picture, the back-ground is of the greatest consequence. Rubens, on his being desired to take under his instruction a young painter, the person who recommended him, in order to induce Rubens the more readily to take him, said, that he was already somewhat advanced in the Art, and that he would be of immediate assistance in his back-grounds. Rubens smiled at his simplicity, and told him, that if the youth was capable of painting his back-grounds, he stood in no need of his instructions; that the regulation and management of them required the most comprehensive knowledge of the art.—*Mason.*

mated the practises of his design, added proportionate shades to his colouring, and at the same time rendered the rules and compasses of its practice, alike untinged with unnecessary dash, and consequently unopen to the risk of censure. \*

His landscapes specify a liveliness of gusto, and intelligence particularly his own; containing as they do prospects universally pleasing to the eye, animated with the genuineness and truth of perfect nature. †

It is obvious he possessed in an eminent degree the choice of exquisite action and object, the efforts of an elevated heart, and extraordinary mind. He has presented to our admiration and delight, beauties which not only surprise us by the harmonious groups of their formation, but by the natural semblances of their form. ‡ He was fond of variety—his conceptions were correct—his execution masterly. He often in the course of one morning, touched slightly upon many pictures. § He was fickle and restless, seldom finished a painting, but left it to the study of his pupils, for whom he felt deep affection and interest. Warm in the colouring of his subjects, he gave to the human figure a delicacy and grace little removed from the beautiful images of the antique, which he imitated and admired. He collated from them all that was most valuable, || thereby

\* The rules of perspective, as well as all other rules, may be injudiciously applied; and it must be acknowledged that a mis-application of them is but too frequently found even in the works of the most considerable artists. It is not uncommon to see a figure on the fore-ground, represented near twice the size of another which is supposed to be removed but a few feet behind it; this, though true according to rule, will appear monstrous. This error proceeds from placing the point of distance too near the point of sight; by which means the diminution of objects is so sudden, as to appear unnatural, unless you stand so near the picture as the point of distance requires, which would be too near for the eye to comprehend the whole picture; whereas, if the point of distance is removed so far as the spectator may be supposed to stand in order to see commodiously, and take within his view the whole, the figures behind would then suffer under no such violent diminution.—*Reynolds*.

† No man can give a rule of the greatest beauties; the knowledge of them is so abstruse, that there is no manner which can express them.—*Guido*.

‡ Nothing deadens so much the composition of a picture, as figures which are not appertaining to the subject; we may call them pleasantly enough, figures to be let.—*Graham*.

§ *Vasari*.

|| They, whose natural feelings have been properly improved by culture, nor have yet become callous by attrition with the world, know from experience, how the heart is mollified, the manners polished, and the temper sweetened, by a well

adding to that esteem which even in the present age, the youthful artist feels, whose ambition it is to tread over the ruins of Rome, and admire those productions which have been transmitted to him from generation to generation, even more admired, more revived, more valued, as each century throws a darker and darker cloud over their perfections.

It is from this I conceive, either on the expressions and opinions of the historian, the first conception rose which gave birth to the thought that perfection of painting was alone to be found in the works of Raphael, where they glowed brighter and brighter as fresh competitors arose, to shrink in the balance of his fame\* Hitherto he stands unrivalled—his invention, his design, his drawing;—his every thought, feeling, passion, express the superiority of his endowments, and the multifarious perfections of his school,† although the school of Rome had competitors even more powerful than itself, and the vivacious remark of a young poet of his nation‡ may be most justly addressed to him,

Fabro gentil, ben sai,  
Ch 'ancor tragico caso e' caro Oggetto,  
E che spesso l'horror va col Diletto.

or that of the spirited Rosa who described himself so justly in a letter to his intimate friend Ricciardi §

Tutto bile, tutto spirito, tutto fuoco.

It has been said of Urbino that he was always deficient in the figure of Satan, it appears also that the greatest painters of every age

directed study of the arts of imitation. The same sensibility of artificial excellence, extends itself to the perception of natural and moral beauty; and the student returns from the artist's gallery to his station in society, with a breast more disposed to feel and to reverberate the endearments of social life, and of reciprocal benevolence.—*Knor's Essays.*

\* Eustach Le Sueur, a native of Paris, approached nearer to Raphael than any of his countrymen.—*Hayley.*

† Those who are enchanted by the sublime conceptions of the Roman school, are too apt precipitately to condemn every effort of the Dutch pencil as a contemptible performance; while those, who are satisfied with minute and faithful delineations of nature, find absolute perfection in the very pictures which are treated by others with the most supercilious neglect. But sound and impartial judgment seems equally to disclaim this hasty censure, and this inordinate praise.—*Ibid.*

‡ Marino.

§ An Italian poet, and professor of moral philosophy at Pisa.

have failed in the like delineament.—Guido, Titian, all have lost themselves.\* And from the following curious anecdote related by Vasari, it appears the difficulty of so doing was attended with imminent danger. “Si vide un Lucifero già mutato in bestia bruttissima. E si compiacque tanto Spinello di farlo orribile, e contraffatto, che se dice (tanto puto aleuna fiata l’immaginazione) che la ditta figura da lui dipinta gl’apparue in sogno domandandolo, doue egli l’hauvesse veduta se brutta e per che fattole tale scorno con i suoi pennelli. E che egli suegliatosi dal sonno, per la paura, non potendo gridare, con tremito grandissimo si scosse di maniera che la moglie destatasi lo soccorse : ma niente di manco su per cio a rischio, stringendogli il cuore di morirsi per cotale accidente, subitamente. Ben che ad ogni modo spiritalificio, e con occhi tondi, poco tempo vivendo poi si condusse alla morte lasciando di se gran desiderio a gli amici.”†

Painting luxuriant as it is, in all that is great and glorious, neither possesses alloy from selfishness in ideas of beauty, or ever seemed to lose applause and reverence in the judgment of mankind, founded as they both are on caprices. The pleasure we receive in the contemplation of genius however, is much greater in comparison with that we feel in estimating loveliness ; and yet such is the peculiar faculty of thought real or ideal, that they both appear absolute and complete results of deep feeling, and intimate or rather immediate associations in a lesser or greater degree with occult agency, though they are in truth immutable, and unstable in the different situations and periods of the same individual mind.

But in Raphael as in the chaste Vandyke† the recognition is felt of all the qualities which in excellence, acquired such sway in the great character of past ages. He possessed a clear knowledge of *general nature*, and the beauties and pleasures it yields throughout the wide unbounded labyrinths of its sway ; its characteristic unity, pure simplicity, serenity and sublimity. Every where it is found bright and beautiful, combining and enforcing grace, ease, and majesty. The lowing herds—the silvery streams—the bright blue skies, no less indulgent to our sight, than to our senses ;—the glowing horizon—the

\* Spinello, fameux peintre Toscan, ayant peint la chute des anges rebelles, donna des traits si terribles a Lucifer, qu’il en fut lui-meme saisi d’horreur, et tout le reste de sa vie il crut voir continuellement ce Demon lui reprocher de l’avoir represente sous une figure si hideuse.—*Tissot de la Santé des Gens de Lettres.*

† Vasari Vita di Spinello Avetino, pag. 218. Edit. di Giunti.

‡ He was born at Antwerp 1598, expired in Blackfryars 1641, and was buried in St. Paul’s, near the tomb of John of Gaunt.

golden beams, tempered and softened by the azure tint of night, the morning sun beautifully stained with a thousand rays—and the whole earth luxuriantly enriched with ethereal hues—with the mere consideration of these progressive combinations of beauty, so harmoniously wrought for the inheritance of man, we must exclaim mentally with the spirit of Milton,

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good  
Almighty! thine, this universal frame,  
Thus wond'rous fair? Thyself how wond'rous there!

#### SKETCHES BY A PRACTISING ARCHITECT. No. VI.

“ he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade.”—*Comic Song.*

HAVING, in my last sketch, treated upon the subject of architectural amateurship, I would now allude to that peculiar branch of architectural practice, which is carried on by a large body of well-meaning operators, equally remote from those who profess a classic acquaintance with the Art, and from others who practise it agreeably to classic rules. That the operations of this body should meet with encouragement is not strange, when it is considered, that, in consideration of employing their own labour and materials in the erection of a house, they afford *gratuitously* all the necessary designs and drawings, which, if provided by the *mere* architect, would add five per cent. to the cost of the works. Educated in the carpenter's shop, they acquire certain habits of constructive neatness, and the use of the square and compasses. Employed in the execution of some building from an architect's drawing, they learn the nature of plans, elevations, and sections; and they possibly *finish* themselves by a perusal of Nicholson's Classic Joinery, by which means are generated certain incoherent ideas of things Grecian, Roman, and Gothic, and corresponding aspirings towards their realization in Memel deal and Parker's cement.

Thus qualified, they soon meet with opportunities for a display of their talent in design; for, though there be few who think good taste worth paying for, there are many who choose bad taste gratuitously afforded, before no taste at all. Under this influence flourishes the suburban architecture—not of London only—but of all the larger towns of England. “Camomile Cottage” exhibits its frieze of

Greek honeysuckles, leaving us to comment on the *fitness* of the decoration. Similar reflections are also made on seeing the Sarcophagi which decorate "Hygeia Terrace;" and we pay just tribute to the poetic genius which typifies the purposes of a Gin-shop, by a series of classic vases surmounting a tottering balustrade. Here, we see a Gothic cot, with its embattled parapet and chimney tops! There, the important patron of a Putney villa, knocking his hat against the architrave of his Doric portico, and contrasting his "fair round belly with good capon lin'd," with a couple of poor little half-starved wooden columns, shining with white paint, and creaking under the weight of his wife's flower pots on the lead flat above.

On the banks of some parish streamlet, tributary to the Paddington Canal, rises "Priory House;"—a "Priory," because of its pointed windows and octagonal turrets,—a "house" because of the smoke, which, issuing from the tops of those turrets, shows them to be no more nor less than chimnies. By means of blue, red and yellow glass, a monastic gloom is thrown over the little parlour within, poetically qualifying the jollity of the inmate, as he sits with pipe in one hand and a jug in the other. Sometimes, it would appear that the *architect's* mind had exerted its imaginings under the influence of feudal inspiration. Required to design and erect a "suitable building" for Miss Radcliffe's "Young Ladies' Seminary," he is forthwith reminded of his patroness's namesake, the fearful Ann! and he goes to work with the "Mysteries of Udolpho" in one eye, and Warwick Castle in the other. Knowing the tendency of young ladies to run away from school, he resolves on putting them into a fortress, and wisely advantages his purpose by choosing a site whose peninsula form is protected by the circumfluence of a district sewer. On the isthmus rises a frowning portal to complete the impregnability of the Seminary; and thus he secures needle-work and literature from the besiegings of truantism or love.

And, after all, what is to be said of this? Is it a matter to be serious or jocose upon? Amiable let us be at all events; and merry, if possible. Burlesques are amusing in the extreme; and why should they be less amusing from the fact of their being unintentional? A few architects are cheated out of their commission:—but what of that? They are not wantonly cheated: and, they, of all men, are best qualified to enjoy the sport of the thing. A spectator, ignorant of the right use of the limbs, and uninitiated in the *graces* of attitude, would derive no pleasure from the *antics* of Astley's clown. He, thinking it all right, would either pass the extravagance over as a

piece of insipid propriety, or would calmly eulogise it as a mere sample of active motion. Oh! did he but know, under help of education, the *fun* of the matter! Could he but contrast the gravity of supposed well-doing with the drollery of the actual thing done. The joke of Tom Thumb and Chrononhotonthologos would be much increased by a belief that they had been intended for serious tragedy by their authors. It is the true disciple of Æschylus and Shakapeare, who would most enjoy that fact. To a woman of real fashion, what is more entertaining than the affected air of some retired cit's wife, whose wealth renders her a victim to ridicule while she fancies herself the admired of all observers. The drama has its farce;—why not the Arts? To require that the farce of architecture should be intentional would be absurd:—If it be required at all, it can only be expected from the serious efforts of pretending ignorance; and the sterling merit of the circumstance is simply this, that both parties, both laughter and laughee, are honestly entertained; the latter, under a grave sense of his importance, and the former as truly appreciating the humour of that gravity.

The stickler to attic propriety would say thus:—"Let no man emulate the honors of a Greek portico, who cannot afford to make it so high, as that he may pass under it without endangering the crown of his hat, or the aspiring ribbands of his wife's bonnet: nor let him ever dream that his Doric columns will answer in effect, while the circumference of *their* bodies is exceeded by the rotundity of his own."

Oh! say not so. The enforcement of such a law would leave us nothing to laugh at. The constant contemplation of Parthenons and York Minsters would make us particular and rigid in our tastes. We should all stiffen into *Caryatides*, or sit "like our grandsires, cut in alabaster."

At all events—if these drolleries are found to be bad in principle, let not the operative party be attacked. If the carpenter be allowed opportunities for exercising the art of design, as well as that of joinery, he only does as most of us would do in the same situation. As long as he, with a very *little* taste, has yet *more* than his employer, can we wonder at the patronage he receives? While the members of our Universities remain ignorant of the common principles of Art, can we be surprised at the thriving condition of quackery? It is not the cunning of the carpenter, but the apathy of the carpentered that is culpable. While there are no professors at Oxford and Cambridge, we must expect the assumption of professorship in the builder's shop.



I am curious to know the professed purpose of the Architectural Society just established in Exeter Hall. To say the least, it must be desirable as a conversazione; agreeable and instructive to real professors: but, if its members be wholly professional, its good effects will be limited. Nothing in the least depreciatory is intended to it, as a society *per se*; but, as far as the great cause of Art is concerned, we want—not a congregation of architects, but an architect with a congregation. Perhaps in a forthcoming number of the Magazine of the Fine Arts, we shall be informed as to its constitution: whether it is to be regarded, as “a lodge in some vast wilderness,” wherein we seek for that true appreciation, which the barren world around has failed to afford: or whether we are to support it as the centre of an expansive system, which is to be governed by its attraction, and illumined by its radiance.

The political importance of this kingdom has flourished—not in the peculiar talents of our statesmen—but in that regard for political economy which has pervaded the more enlightened of our gentry. When the science becomes more thoroughly known to them, and pervading also among all classes, then will England's importance become still more important. So is it with the Arts. The enlightenment of the general public is the measure required; and, to this end, we may hope, that, for every architect in the Architectural Society, we may have a hundred educated gentlemen. These remarks are of course directed to those who cannot enjoy the mirth of that quackery to which the former part of this sketch alluded. There may be some who would grieve to find out, when too late, the ridiculous aspect of the houses they have built, or the pictures they have purchased. “Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly, &c.”—the proverb is somewhat musty. There may be others, who would become bitter under the discovery; and then, in Christian charity, we should be obliged to withhold our laughter. Awakened to a sense, that they are living—not in houses—but in cabinets—they would fret under the idea, that they themselves might be regarded as curiosities!

Gently, then, let any desired reform be brought about. Do not at once, deprive the mistaken of their happiness, and the informed of their food for mirth—If the regular architect get into universal favor, the nation will become severely dignified. We shall possibly make our neighbours stare with admiration; but “Laughter” will no longer “hold both her sides” in merry England.

*W. H. W. W.*  
 X It holds them whenever it looks at the Parsonage house  
 you built for the Rev. Mr. Cook at Sherborne in Cornwall  
 Master Wrighton - Inflated Aps!

## THE PAINTER'S EYE.

"Not less the life, the vivid joy serene

That lighted up these new created men,

Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,

When just deliver'd from this earthly den,

It soaring seeks its native skies agen."

*Thomson.*

I HAVE derived much pleasure, and I trust, some improvement, from the perusal of a paper, under the above title in a former number of this magazine, and having by that been led to reflect on the rich and varied stores of entertainment, and the treasures of intellectual wealth disclosed to the ardent gaze of him, who by nature or cultivation has been endowed with this enviable gift, this "Open Sesame," of the beauties of creation and the wonders of Art, I venture to add a mite of individual experience, to the instances already cited. In the first instance the possessor sees, "as through a glass, darkly," until, like the diamond, his innate powers are polished and refined by collision with his brethren. In the second, it sometimes occurs that even with every apparent advantage, its insensible owner, slumbers beneath the opaque veil of mental obtenebration, till a circumstance, in itself probably unimportant, touches his darkened vision, and immediately there "fall from his eyes, as it were, scales."

The analysis of the Painter's Eye pertains as much to ethics as to optics, but without infringing on the peculiar province of these sciences, we may proceed to investigate its intrinsic value.

"The coal-scuttle and its accessories" are a laughable illustration of the interest wherewith the artist surveys objects and combinations, which to the uninitiated appear wholly devoid of attraction, if not thoroughly repulsive, but we would now extend the theory, and touch, though lightly, on his illimitable range of discursive satisfaction.

Dr. Johnson was, I believe, a splendid example of the utter destitution of this organ of intellectual enjoyment. In our day we can triumphantly boast in many a well known instance, the brilliant union of the most profound scholastic acquirements with the finest pictorial taste, but were I compelled to barter irrevocably the one for the other, I own that even for the lexicographical honors and herculean attainments of our colossus of literature, I should hesitate more than once e'er I resigned the plenitude of delight transmitted through the medium of the Painter's Eye.

I trust the egotism of the ensuing statement, may be pardoned for

the sake of the exemplification it affords. I had passed the ordeal of education, and run the gauntlet through such accomplishments as are deemed necessary adjuncts to the character of a modern gentleman, consequently was not very young when, more I confess, for fashion's sake, than from positive anxiety for instruction, I was induced to attend some admirable lectures on perspective. The surprising powers of this valuable science—the first-rate illustrations, from the skeleton sketch to the finished picture—the enthusiasm visible in every bone and gesture of the lecturer, roused me to reflection, burst asunder the chains of apathetic indifference by which I had been so long enthralled, and dispelled the mists of obscurity as it were by a sun-beam.

Two instances of incipient perception subsequent on my vivification are yet strongly impressed on my memory. I had previously been a frequent attendant at the cathedral of—— but, setting aside the peculiar attractions of the service, and the elevating effects of the music, had regarded the privilege of an *entrée* no more than I valued that of an ordinary parish church. But now, I had gained a new sense, a novel stage of being was unfolded to my enraptured fancy, I had found the Painter's Eye, and I humbly hope to be hereafter forgiven, for an hour of broken and imperfect devotion. "The long drawn aisle and fretted vault,"—the clustered columns—the sombre colouring—the dusky notes dancing in the sun-beams that struggled through the clerestory windows, and touched with subdued light, the northern monuments and rich groined arches—the deepened shade of the southern aisle—the gloom cast over the thickly ramified windows by the massive buttresses—and above all, the one bright focal ray streaming from a cranny out of sight, full upon the dark carved pulpit, and the white robes and scarlet hood of the bald-headed chaplain—the effect of the whole in unison struck me most forcibly, and awoke an enthusiasm as novel as it was irresistible.

For the other source of pictorial pleasure, I was indebted to a scene harmonized by the hand of nature. In my rambles in the country in quest of health and exercise, I had occasionally traversed a tottering bridge across an upland rivulet, and bestowed on it no further notice than that elicited by the inconvenience incurred by the passenger. The Painter's Eye, however, once roused from its lethargy, with feelings how widely different from my former heedlessness, did I examine the bridge and its concomitants in my after-excursion. The richness and depth of the local colouring—the picturesque form of the wooden structure, the sparkling foam of the water-fall—the varied tints of the pendent weeds—the tangled roots of the ivied pollards—and the vivid

contrast of the ducks, floating in the shady pool beneath the bank, were by my newly acquired faculty invested with a charm of potency, sufficient to arrest my steps, and merge my thoughts in abstracted contemplation, till I was recalled to my recollection, by an unexpected plump into the duck's domain from the treachery of the ledge on which I was standing.

The painter may truly be said to have a three-fold fruition of his existence,

"The common earth, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening Paradise."

Like the bee, he "gathers honey even from a weed." From every object in nature or Art, he can, by virtue of his talent, extract funds for present enjoyment, and materials for future fame. And until his eye shall close upon this world to open on a better, or shall alas! be sealed in that

"Life in death; a desolated mind,  
Around whose orbs the shades of darkness wind,"

his sources of pleasure from the well-spring of intellect fail not. The sympathy of a stranger can indeed avail him nothing, but I would here express my sincere commiseration for the irremediable bereavement of the talented artist,\* whose sun of glory the Almighty has, in his wisdom, seen fit to quench in "total eclipse." The poet may, and does exist under the deprivation of sight, and like Milton, though he be

"Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,"

has yet, by the intervention of an amanuensis the power of spreading far and wide the imagery of his teeming mind. But the Painter thus heavily afflicted can be comforted and supported only by Him who "gave and hath taken away" the precious boon, but who in His mercy will "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

To revert to our text. Like the magic mirror in Genlis' "Palace of Truth," let Painting but touch the eye with her puissant wand, and forms of beauty before unsuspected, gleam in spontaneous succession, numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, various as the hues in the prismatic focus, and endless as the ever-changing figures of the kaleidoscope are the multiform visions of the Painter's Eye, as in rapturous ecstasy he looks around to lay up in the store-house of memory, as food for Genius, the effect of every group, every tint, every hour—every possible scene and collocation—every variety of character and

\* C. Wild, Esq.

its contrast—the simple, the complex—the gentle, the terrible—the beautiful, the sublime—the rough, the smooth—the perfect, the decaying—the storm, the calm—the majestic oak, the ragged bramble—the richest flower, the humblest weed—the brilliant diamond, the moss-clad stone—the frowning rock, the brook-worn pebble—the cloud-encircled mountain, the wide extending plain—the ocean in its might, the still and reedy pool—the eagle's form of terror, the gaudy insect of a day—the pampered steed, the shaggy-coated ass—the lion in his wrath, the meek and playful lamb—the thronging city, the desolate wilderness—the stately palace, the low and crumbling hovel—the cheek of beauty, the furrowed brow of age—"the thing of shreds and patches," the gorgeous vestment of the monarch—These, in number few, in value a fraction, may serve as samples from the Painter's mine of wealth.

Nor does the artist rest here. He who can find "Sermons in stones and good in every thing," is not likely to suffer the productions of the imitative Arts, to pass unnoticed and unimproved to his own advantage. From the rude image on the cottage mantel, or the noblest statue of triumphant sculpture, from the sign-post of the tavern, or the most refined work of glorious Art, from the roughest wood-cut or the most exquisite engraving, does he discriminate and retain the precious metal, and reject the dross.

At home, or abroad, in solitude or in society, the eye of the Painter is a companion that never wearies him, a friend that never deserts him. "It grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength." Unkindness cannot rob him of it, misfortune cannot overwhelm it, poverty cannot dim its lustre. It cheers the hour of gloom and despondence with the ray of intellect, softens the asperities of life, and throws over every scene a tint like that of enchantment, and similar to the marvellous effects of the "Claude Lorraine glasses."

My existence is one distinguished neither for the renown acquired by individual actions, nor for the hireling respect attendant on hereditary opulence, and I am conscious that "when the place that knew me shall know me no more," the records of mortality will

"Of me afford no other trace  
Than this, There lived a man,"

yet can I be content to dwell in obscurity, unhonored and unknown, envying neither the giddy heights of successful ambition nor the ponderous trappings of titled wealth, so that I am permitted by Providence to continue, as I have hitherto been, in the undisturbed possession of the simple Painter's Eye.

## ROMSEY ABBEY.

(Concluded from page 420.)

The next Abbess on record, as quoted from Brown Willis, in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, was

MATILDA PARI;.

but there appears an anachronism with regard to the date of her election; Willis stating it to have taken place in 1219, whilst the letters patent 47 Henry III. would infer that her death occurred in the third year of that monarch's reign, "tertio anno regni nostri obiit." As Henry III. succeeded his father John in 1216, it is more than probable that the date of election has been erroneously substituted for that of her death. During this Abbess's domination, the privilege of trying and inflicting capital punishment on criminals, taken within the liberties of the monastery, which had been granted to it by King Edgar, appears to have been neglected, as will be shewn in the charter accorded by Henry III. to her successor

AMICIA,

who is known to have been at the head of this institution about 1262. This lady must have applied to the king for restitution of the above-mentioned privilege which had been lost during the session of her predecessor, and the gallows allowed to fall to the ground, which could not, by any means, be set up again without the express consent of royal authority, for there are still extant, "*Literæ Regis Patentes dictæ*" dated 47 Henry III. which are to this effect.

"Rex omnibus etc. salutem. Quia accepimus per inquisitionem, quam per dilectum et fidelem nostrum Nicolaum de Turri, et socios suos justiciarios nostros ultimò itinerantes in Comitatu Suthampton fieri fecimus, quod Abbatisse de Romeseye habuerunt furcas in manerio suo de Romeseye; et habere consueverunt à tempore Edgari, quondam Regis Angliæ, qui Abbaciam de Rumeseye fundavit, usque ad decessionem Matil. Parii, quondam Abbatisse de Romeseye, quæ anno tertio regni nostri obiit, ut dicitur, ex concessione ipsius Regis Edgari et successorum suorum prædecessorum nostrorum regum Angliæ, illis usæ sunt; et quod post mortem ejusdem Matildis, furcis illis usæ non fuerint, et quod nullus postea fuit damnatus in eodem manerio, propter quod deciderunt furcæ prædictæ ita quod post modo, nunc non fuerunt furcas illas sine licentiâ nostra relevare. Nos, Amicia, nunc Abbatisse de Romeseye, et monialibus ejusdem loci super hoc, gratiam facere volentes specialem, concessimus illis quod furcas illas in manerio suo prædicto possint levare, et eis uti



sicut eisdem temporibus dicti Regis Edgari et successorum suorum progenitorum nostrorum Regum Angliæ usæ fuerunt. In cujus, etc.\*  
*Teste Rege apud Westmon. 22 die Augusti.*"

To this Abbess the town is also indebted for the establishment of a fair, for which she obtained a charter in the fifty-sixth year of the reign of Henry III. In the eighth year of his successor, this Abbess was summoned before the king's commissioners, to shew cause why she inflicted and received fines of bread and ale without the royal permission. She appeared by her attorney, and pleaded her right so to do by charter from the king's father, Henry III. which granted to her and her successors a free fair or market in the town, and, from the following record, it would appear that such claims were considered to be well founded.

"*Abbatissa de Romeseye summonita fuit ad ostend. Regi, quo warranto capit emendas assisæ panis et cervisiæ fractæ in Romeseye, quæ ad coronam pertinent, sine voluntate etc. et prædecess. Domini Regis, &c. Et Abbatissa per attornatum suum venit, et dicit quod ipsa habet liberum mercatum in eadem per chartam Henrici Regis, patris Domini Regis nunc, quæ testatur quod idem Dominus Henricus Rex concessit Abbatissæ de Romeseye et successoribus suis, liberum mercatum in eadem villa. Et dicit quod ratione illius mercati capit ipsa emendas assisæ panis et cervisiæ etc. Et ideo consen. ut quod prædicta Abbatissa, etc.*" †

This Abbess, who seems to have been any thing but a careless guardian of the nunnery, was not wholly uninterrupted in the tranquil discharge of her pastoral duties, for she appears to have been much annoyed by the wild frolics of one William Schyrlock, a prebend of Romsey, who, according to some manuscripts preserved in the British Museum, Vol. 2, page 527, led so wild and dissolute a life, and disturbed the nuns of Romsey to that degree, that the archbishop commanded the abbess not to suffer his admission even over the threshold of the convent, at the same time strictly forbidding the nuns having any communication with him, at any time or in any place whatever. "*Mandatum Archiepiscopi, Abbatissæ de Rumseye, directum contra Will. Schyrlock, prebendar. de Romeseye, per villam de Romeseye et alibi inhonestè devagantem, ut nec claustrum*

\* *Mon. Anglicanum.*  
 † *Placita de quo warranto etc. Ex record. in domo capitulari apud Westmonaster. asservato.*



nec ecclesium dictæ abbatissæ intrare audeat, durante suspitione probabili contra ipsum. Et inhibitiō monialibus ne cum dicto Will. colloquium in domo vel alibi habere præsumant."

Datum in Campo nostro de Saltwode, 3 idē Augusti, 1296.

He seems to have been a sad fellow indeed, for the same collection contains "Mandatum consimile directum magistro Henrico officiale Wynton. contra Will. dictum Schyrock, moniales de Romeseye, perturbantem, et vitam *inhonestam* et *dissolutam* trahentem.

#### ALICIA WALROND

took charge of the nunnery about the year 1290, but there is more reason to suppose that

#### ALICIA DE WYNTRESHULL

was the immediate successor of Amicia. However carefully the interests and discipline of the nunnery may have been guarded and advanced by her predecessor, the abbey, during the rule of this lady, seems to have gained but little on the score of respectability, for we find that Henry Wodelocke, Bishop of Winchester, having made an episcopal visitation to the abbey of Romsey in 1310, deemed it necessary to issue the following injunction to the nuns. "Item prohibemus, ne cubent in dormitorio *pueri masculi* cum monialibus, nec femellæ nec per moniales ducantur, in chorum, dum ibidem divinum officium celebraretur." Indeed there is every reason for supposing that this religious establishment was very lax in its discipline about this period, and that Alice of Wyntreshull was ill adapted to discharge the important duties of her station. She died as reported by the ecclesiastics of that day, perhaps to conceal a shameful truth, of a forced intoxication here about 1315, in the eighth year of the reign of Edward II. This catastrophe must have caused great scandal at the time, for there are letters patent from Edward II. directed to his justices Henry le Scroop, John Daubernoun and John Bluett, directing them to search into the actual cause of death, and seek for and apprehend the malefactors, who, unmindful of their own salvation and of the king's peace, had by their vile machinations caused the death of the Abbess of Romsey.

De inquirendo de morte Abbatissæ de Romeseye,

Pat. 8. Edw. II. N. 10.

"Rex dilectis et fidelibus suis Henrico le Scroop, Johanni Daubernoun, et Johanni Bluet, salutem. Sciatis quod assignavimus vos et duos vestrum, quarum vos præfate Henrice unum esse volumus, justi-

cleros nostros ad inquirendum per sacramentum, etc. qui malefactores, et pacis nostre perturbantes, propriæque salutis suæ immores, mortem Aliciæ de Wyntreshull nuper Abbatisse de Romseye machinantes, ipsam Aliciam apud Romsey, quæ est in confinio comitat. prædictorum nequiter intoxicarunt, quo casu, qualiter, et quomodo, et ad cujus vel ad quorum procuracionem intoxicatio illa facta fuit; et quis vel qui dictos malefactores postmodum scienter receptavit vel receptaverunt, et de omnibus aliis articulis vel circumstantiis mortem illam qualiter cunque contingentibus, plenius veritatem, et feloniam illam audiend. In cujus, etc. Teste Rege apud Westmonaster. vicessimo octavo die Maij. Per ipsum regem.

The next Abbesses on record are

CLEMENTIA DE GUILFORD, about 1315.

JOAN JACKE, ——— 1333.

JOAN JERVAS, ——— 1349.

The monument of one of these ladies is still extant in the nave of the church. It is a grey stone and bears the figure of an Abbess having a dog at her feet under a cross which lies upon her. Round the ledge is the following inscription much mutilated,

JOHANNA HIC JACET HVMATA IPSIVS ANIMÆ

CHRISTVS DET PREMI.

ISABEL DE CAMEYS was elected 1352.

LUCY EVERARD ——— 1396.

FELICIA

had charge of the nunnery about 1417, a licence for a fresh election was granted on account of her death, 25th October, 1419; in the seventh year of the reign of Henry V.

JOAN BRIGGS was elected 1462.

ELIZABETH BROOKE, — 1472.

There is another Abbess of the same name, who is stated to have succeeded in 1478, but they were most probably one and the same person; as, according to the best authorities, Elizabeth Brooke had the temporalities of the monastery restored to her 22nd June 1473.

The next Abbess was

GUNDELA, or JOYSE ROWE, or ROUS.

Brown Willis dates her reception of the temporalities on the 9th of October 1516; but this does not agree with the date of a visitation made by Bishop Fox 1506, when this Abbess was accused of frequent and immoderate habits of intemperance and drinking, espe-

cially at late hours of the night, and inducing the nuns by her bad example and worse exhortations, to revel in her chamber every evening, to the hindrance of God's worship and the defilement of their own souls.

#### ELIZABETH RYPROSE

was the last Abbess of Romsey, she was elected 1523, according to Willis, if so she most probably gave up her charge 1539, when all religious establishments of this kind in England, were finally abolished.

Such are the fragments which I have been able to collect respecting the Abbesses of Romsey Abbey, nor have I hitherto discovered any other of those whose ecclesiastical functions ceased at the dissolution, with the exception of Master Henry Warner, the last chaplain, who, according to a roll still preserved in the Augmentation Office, was, in the reign of Philip and Mary, in the receipt of a yearly pension of £11 : 8 : 8.

The Abbesses were not the only females of rank and distinction who resided within the sacred precincts of the foundation of Edward the Elder; the noble and the rich were glad that their children should be sheltered within the solemn aisles of this church, nor were the daughters of Kings wanting among her honorable women. We have seen before that almost all the earlier Abbesses, were women of royal and elevated birth, and, as we read, so highly celebrated for sanctity, that the monastery of Romsey was considered, from a very early period, as one of the best establishments for the education and culture of the female mind. This fact renders the paucity of matter respecting its general history a source of considerable surprise; one would have thought that those cunning chroniclers, the monks, might have left us some account of the fair dames who once were its inhabitants, and not have set an example of neglect which posterity has but too closely followed, as respects the beautiful church which is now the subject of consideration. I believe myself to be correct in saying, that Romsey Church and its history have never been made the subject of particular description. Dr. Latham, it is true, has discussed a few capitals, in the *Archæologia*, and there exists in the library of Mr. Britton, a fine proof of the industry of Mr. Buckler, who has drawn almost every portion of the venerable building in a truly admirable manner.—But this is somewhat of a digression. With regard to the distinguished females who have been educated here, we may enumerate two: Christina, cousin to St. Edward the Confessor, who in 1085 took the veil here. The Saxon Chronicle says, “Beah intho

mynsthre tho Rumes-ege" Cessit in monasterium apud Rumesége, and old Leland in his Collectanea Vol. i. p. 416, tells us, "Christina facta est monialis apud Rumesey" nor is this the only place in which she is so mentioned by that venerable author, for in Vol. ii. p. 199, of the same work are these words, "Virgo Christina, Soror Edgar. Clitonis, Monasterium, quod Rumesey vocatur intravit, fitque virgo vestialis," this same lady is also mentioned by Robert of Gloucester, in his truly curious and antiquated rhymes

— "Edgar Athelyng,

(That rygt eyr\* was of Englonde and kundet to be Kyng)

Made hys yonge Suster, as God gef† that cas,

Nonne in the hous of Romeseye, Christyne hyre name was."

She continued a nun until her death, and was entrusted with the education of the second female of whom I shall speak, Matilda, daughter of Malcolm and Margaret, King and Queen of Scotland, who afterwards married Henry I. William of Malmesbury, L. 5, p. 92, speaking "de Henrico Primo" says, "Uxor regis ex antiqua et illustri regum stirpe descendit Matildis, filia regis Scottorum, à teneris annis inter sanctimoniales apud Wiltoniam et Rumesiam educata, literis quaq: femineum pectus exercuit." She afterwards resided in the Abbey of St. Mary, at Winchester, and assumed the veil, but without making any monastic vows. What her reason for so doing might have been, can only be inferred from the difficulty her father had in inducing her to accept the hand of the King of England. It was no doubt her wish to remain single, but the policy of the day pointing out the advantage of such a union, she consented and was married by St. Anselm, in the presence of her father. She was crowned in great state at Westminster, and dying in the nineteenth year of her husband's reign, her body was buried at Winchester.

That the monastery of Romsey was at a very early period considered of great importance, may also be inferred from the revenues it possessed as recorded in those documents, which form the most perfect relics known to be extant respecting that ancient pile. It was valued at the time of the Conqueror's survey, at £148:10:0 per annum, an immense sum, if we consider the difference in the value of money in those days: and, at the general dissolution was rated, the twenty-sixth of Henry VIII, at £528:10:10½, its nett income being,

\* Heir.

† Of the same kind.

‡ Gave or ordained.

£393:10:104. The nuns held the Ville of Romsey in which the Abbey was situated; they had moreover a hide of land with a mill, together with possessions out of the county; as we find in Domesday book, that "*Ecclesia Sanctæ Mariæ Romesiensis tenet Edendone*" and this is confirmed by Leland, who, in his *Itinerarium* Vol. iv. p. 25, tells us, "*Hedinton in Wilts, of ancient tyme was a Prebende longg-ing to Rumesey, an Abbaye of Nunnes in Hampshire,*" and it would appear from the same work that the manor was the gift of King John "*Rex Johannes dedit manerium de Edington cum pertinentiis in Comit. Wiltshire*" though Leland may possibly be mistaken here, as we find from an "*Inquir. de quod damnum,*" dated twenty-fourth of Edward III, that John of Edington gave the Abbess of Romsey, two messuages and certain lands at that place "*Johannes de Edington dedit Abbatisse de Romeseye duo messuag: et quasdam terras in Edyngdon com. Wilts.*" There is also a similar instrument dated ninth of Edward III, commemorating the gift of six messuages and certain lands by Emma wife of Nicholas de Braishfield, for the support of a chaplain to perform divine service in the aforesaid abbey. "*Emma, qui fuit uxor Nich. de Braishfield, dedit Abbatisse de Romsey sex messuagia et certas terras in Romsey, ad inveniend. unum capellanum, in abbata prædicta ad celebrand. divina,*" and in the twenty-fourth of Edward III, Roger Haywood, gave six messuages and some acres of land to the Abbess. "*Rogerus Haywode dedit Abbatisse de Romesey sex messuag. et quasdam acras de terræ ibidem.*" They had also a wood at Northwood in Hampshire, the possession of which was confirmed to them by Edward I, in the eighth year of his reign; and in the "*Formulare Anglicanum,*" Madox has given the copy of a release to the abbey of Romsey of a right which Sir John le Rous, the releaser, had of presenting two nuns to be veiled &c. but as these and similar documents are perhaps unsuited both to the general reader and the strict nature of the pages of this work, the genuine antiquary is referred to Sir Henry Ellis' splendid edition of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, Capgrave, Leland and others, amid whose time-worn quartos the writer has revelled with an almost enthusiastic delight. The present sketch then, gentle reader, draws near unto its close. We have kept company together in the consideration of our subject from its earliest probable period, the varied architecture of this magnificent abbey has been at least fairly and impartially estimated, and we may, I think, reasonably hope that we shall be considered to have borne ourselves as good knights and true towards those holy dames, who once waved the pastoral staff over the less elevated

sisterhood. Here then will we pause! for of their dwelling places nothing but a fine four-centered arch remains to us; the conventual buildings having been, alas the while! pulled down within the memory of man. Nor would it boot us to enquire of the Roman silver coin which Dr. Stuckely was told had been found here, or ascertain whether Edward the Elder, his son Alfred, and daughter Eadburga, were really interred in the church, as the venerable Camden would  
 X fain have us to believe. We pause then; but, before finally taking leave of each other, may perhaps be allowed to indulge in a few partial reflections on the profession and characters of the ancient occupiers of this and other religious houses.

It has been too much the practice (arising from a leaven which 300 years have not been able to disperse) to disavow any feelings of obligation or gratitude, to the inhabitants of the cloister. They have been stigmatised indeed "as slothful, lost to the commonwealth, intemperate, stupid and without the *least* tincture of *useful* learning." \* That individual instances of moral degradation may have frequently occurred, no man in his senses can possibly deny, but yet we must remember, that the impartial view of the monastic character has been obscured by the myrmidons of a remorseless and cruel tyrant; and moreover that the worse, because more hypocritical era of puritanical cant had too powerful an influence over the minds of its deluded votaries, to permit them to allow one jot of praise to the unfortunate monk. For my own part, although a protestant, and detesting the "Pai-p, that Pagan full of pride" and his superstitious doctrines, I have never paced the ruined aisles of an abbey, or walked amid the columns of a yet-existing conventual building, without feeling deeply impressed with a sense of lively gratitude, for the means adopted for the preservation of learning and the Fine Arts, during the darker ages. What do we not owe Ingulphus and the venerable Bede! shall Robert of Gloucester be held unworthy of our respect, or even Capgrave, that sworn propagator of monastic fiction, deemed wholly incredible; are we to imagine the Norman Knight dashing to the Tournay with an inkhorn hanging in the rest as well as his lance? if we are not so to do, to whom shall we ascribe the Saxon Chronicles and many other works, some of which were destroyed when the fine libraries of the abbeys were scattered and annihilated? What shall we say too, of the Williams, Monks respectively of Newbury and Malmesbury, of Roger de Hoveden and the Benedictine friar Matthew

\* Gilpin's observations on the Western parts of England, pages 138, 139.

X His laugh in his admissions to Camden who after this questionable tradition they were most probably all buried at Winchester



of Westminster ! Shall that most extraordinary genius, Matthew Paris, who professed painting, poetry, mathematics, architecture, eloquence, theology and history, and acquired reputation in each ; or Wiclif, the German friar, who wrote the history of the Western Emperors, be condemned as having uselessly employed their time ? No ; to the labors of the cloister we owe much ; perhaps every thing connected with literature and the Fine Arts. Mark the storied pane, rich in colour and blazing in its glory ; we derive it from Benedict, a monk. Gaze with admiration on the Cathedrals of Salisbury, Winchester and York ; and however you may differ in religious creed, pay a just tribute of reverence to the memories of such master minds as those of William of Wickham, John de Thoresby and Robert Poore. Let us then be just ; however reprehensible the monastic system may be, and certainly it is diametrically opposite to all reasonable estimation of the purposes for which we came into this world, to it we are deeply indebted as the nurse and preserver of learning and science. I know no better way of proving this fact than by requesting thee, friendly reader, to take from thy book-shelf Hume or Rapin ; the greater, indeed the entire, portion of whose early histories are derived from and *solely rest* on the *useless* learning of the calumniated monk.

But to conclude, the abbey of Romsey, whether considered externally or with respect to its inward composition, is an object highly deserving the most minute study and attention ; and within its walls may the antiquary or the meditator pass many a ~~useless~~ <sup>delightful</sup> hour ; they may freely revel in the fairy fields of ancient romance, and giving themselves up, as it were, to all the wild phantasies of thought, indulge in those exquisite though ideal reveries which can only be prejudicial when not properly restrained. He who paces the sacred aisle of an ancient abbey, may think of the ages which have flown away ; of the many who have trod the solemn spot before him, and as he looks upon the shadows, which the various projections of the building cast on the garish sun-beams on its floor, he may fancy them as gnomons marking the rapid passage of Time, rushing towards Eternity, and considering himself as a being of a middle age, dwell on the existence of the stately friar or Abbess, who centuries back have probably regarded them with similar feelings ; whilst his mind, looking to futurity, may depict the contemplator yet unborn, gazing with the like emotion, and imagining the existence of feelings in a bosom which ages shall have consigned to oblivion and nothingness. Such are the sensations with which most regard our ancient temples ;



there seems to be a halo of sanctity around them, dispersing itself over all who are near, and though the days are passed when gentle blood was known by gallant deeds, and the lance of the warrior no longer glitters in the moon-beam, neither is the bugle-horn heard sounding in the valley, yet may the imaginative mind, as the bell of Romsey Abbey bursts upon his ear, on any of those heights whence first he gets a view of its venerable tower, be forgiven, if in the romance of a moment, he imagines the ancient knight of olden times, striking the gallant steed with his spurs, and as he makes "demi volte in air" apostrophizing the tutelary saints of the holy building, towards which he approaches, "Sancta Maria, Sancta Merwenne, Sancta Elfleda, orate, orate pro nobis!"

*Ames*

### A VISIT TO THE ACADEMY OF ARTS.

(Concluded from page 456.)

WHILE we are creeping along towards the academy, accommodating our pace to his hobbling steps, I may as well inform you that Starozhilov, who when you knew him was a gay, lively, dashing fellow, is now become quite the reverse of his former self—the very ideal of a testy, crabbed old bachelor. In his youth he had some reputation for cleverness, ability, and knowledge of the world. But now that the imposing rattle of his manner and flow of animal spirits are gone, his shallowness is become apparent, and all that he seems to have retained is his obstinate prejudices in favor of antiquated follies. Incapable of any longer sustaining an amusing part in society, and without any qualities to entitle him to its respect, he now finds himself thrust aside to make room for others, whose only recommendation is that they now are what he *has been*. In short he has been a downright spendthrift of his time and opportunities, till he has at last awakened with some forty years on his head, and the gout in his feet—with a shattered constitution, and a shrunken purse—without friends—without attachments; but exceedingly well qualified to set up for a cynic. The constant burthen of his discourse is, that we are degenerating every day. According to him, Kniazhnin's tragedies were far superior to those of Ozerov; and Krilov by no means so good a fabulist as Sumarakov.

But you must imagine that we have now reached the academy\*—

\* This structure is a stately insulated pile of building, about 525 feet square, with a circular court within. It was erected by Kakorivov a native of Siberia, and completed in 1788. Notwithstanding that it has many of the trivialities of

an edifice truly worthy of the great Catherine, as the encourager of the liberal and Fine Arts. It is one, which no truly patriotic Russian can enter without feelings of gratitude towards the memory of that sovereign. Few institutions have been of more real advantage to our country than this; and to what are we to ascribe the benefit which has resulted from it? To the constant adherence on the part of government, to the excellent plan first laid down; and to the choice of active and intelligent individuals for the office of President. Old as I now am, I feel my bosom glow with some of the enthusiasm of youth, when I reflect on any of those noble institutions, and noble actions, which add such a pride to patriotism, and such glory to my country. While we were ascending the staircase, I began to launch forth in praise of our illustrious monarch, and of those generous individuals, who, following her example, stand forth as the encouragers of Literature and Art among their countrymen; but the vexatious Starozhilov annoyed us by doleful exclamations at every step. "Good heavens!" croaked he out, "what a tiresome steep staircase! and you call it handsome—magnificent? Pray what do that Venus and those amazons do here? I hate casts—no mock things for me: the real ones, or else none at all—that's my maxim. Why, too, not have statues by our own artists." In this strain did his remarks proceed, until we reached the entrance into the apartments, where the crowd cut short our companion's criticism, and obliged us to stop just by the two colossal Atlantes which guard the portal, where we were favored with a specimen of hyper-criticism by a young artist who was commenting on the absurdity of employing such figures and caryatides for architectural ornaments.

At length we entered the rotunda, containing numerous casts from the antique. "That," said my friend, pointing to a large equestrian statue, "is the consul Balbus, the original of which was found at *Herculaneum*." "But what a horse!" exclaimed Starozhilov to the young artist, who had followed us; "do you call that a fine animal?"—"You are right," returned the person to whom the remark was addressed, "it is far from being well proportioned: the body is as much too short, as the legs are too long. The neck again, is most clumsily

the Italian style, it is in a tolerably pure taste, while its general mass is certainly very imposing. At all events the Siberian has here shown quite as much talent and taste as are to be met with in the works of the celebrated Quonenghi, who was extensively employed at St. Petersburg at a time when Russia possessed such architects as a Voronikhin, a Bazhenov, and a Kakorinov.

thick, the cheeks appear to be swelled, and the position of the ears is awkward. You will observe similar defects in the celebrated horse of Marcus Aurelius, in one of the other rooms. At any rate, for horses, commend me to our modern artists: look, for instance, at that noble creature which Falconet has given us\*,—not only admirable in its shape, but full of spirit—actually alive. So wonderfully is motion expressed in every part, that a foreigner, I remember, once said to me, really that horse appears to me the image of Russia herself—filled with equal ardor, equal energy, and advancing forward with resistless impetuosity!—as to this steed of the consul's, perhaps it will be more discreet in me, if I keep my opinion to myself,—at least in this place, lest I should be overheard by some of our determined admirers of antiquity. A young artist would not raise himself in their estimation, by venturing to express his sentiments undisguisedly respecting things it is safest to seem to admire."

We now entered another hall, in which we found copies of some of the master-pieces of Grecian and Roman sculpture,—the inestimable bequest of antiquity to modern times; relics which attest far more eloquently than the writings of historians, the intellectual refinement of those distant ages. In them, Art seems to be only the echo of a deep sentiment for nature, and for humanity, combined with a thorough knowledge of the passions and the heart; and in them lies an inexhaustible source of æsthetic interest. Look at the Hercules Farnese—what an image of strength, mental as well as bodily. The dying gladiator yonder—the comic poet—the inimitable Faun, are all admirable for their respective merits; and what a noble group is this of Laocoon with his sons!—how powerfully dramatic! That Arria and Petrus, too, and the family of Niobe, are they not masterly productions? Here, in the Venus di Medici we behold the quintessence of female form and beauty; while yonder colossal bust reveals to us the majesty of the Olympian Jove himself; and—

Lo! where the victor God sublimely stands,  
Fate on his brow, and vengeance in his hands;  
As lightning swift his winged arrow flies,  
And writhing round the shaft, the serpent monster dies.

In that figure we at once behold Apollo the Avenger, and the bright inspiring deity of poetry! While contemplating this exquisite prodigy of sculpture, I fully assented to Winckelmann's enthusiastic comment: Both

"These," here, observed an artist to us, pointing to the Apollo and

\* In the celebrated colossal equestrian figure of Peter the Great.

some other antiques, "these are the real wealth of our academies, the enduring sources of genuine Art, from which it has hitherto drawn, and from which it will continue to draw its most glorious ideas. Yes, stars of Art are they, which guide us while they cheer and illumine. Deprive us of their inspiring examples, and what should we achieve, either in painting or in sculpture? As far as it goes, the present collection is judiciously made, but it requires to be doubled, or even trebled. Much is wanting to render it what it ought to be; nevertheless we ought to be grateful for the beautiful studies it actually affords;—and casts moulded from the originals themselves, give us all the essential excellencies of the latter."

After passing through two smaller apartments, we perceived a crowd before a large picture, one of the latest productions of Yegorov's pencil. In this piece, the subject of which was Christ in Prison, are four figures, somewhat above the size of life, namely, the Saviour himself and three executioners. The former is standing, with his hands bound behind him, while one of the latter is fastening the cord to the column against which he stands; another of them is taking off his upper garment; and the third appears to be insulting and reviling the divine sufferer; and, in the malignant expression of his countenance, the artist has evidently exerted himself to produce a complete contrast to the resignation depicted in the features of Christ himself.

"How admirable," observed the artist, "is the drawing in the figure of the Christ! It has the truth and simplicity of nature. Observe the heaving motion of the chest: is it not evident that a deep sigh is about to escape from his bosom?"

"It may be so," interrupted Starozhilov; "still the face certainly does not answer to the beauty of the rest. You yourself must allow that the eyes are larger than they ought to be; neither do they express what we look for in such a character."

"There I must differ from you: the attitude of the head is exceedingly beautiful; and the countenance exhibits deep affliction, mingled with resignation."

"Tis a pity, however, that this figure reminds one so much of what one has already seen by other artists. Nay, for my part, I can perceive no very great originality in any part of the picture,—nothing which gives evidence that the artist worked after his own ideas, rather than from those of others."

"Your observation is in some degree correct. Both Poussin and Rubens have painted the same subject, each treating it according to to his own feeling. Yet what does that signify? And if Yegorov be

inferior to the former, he has certainly here shown himself quite equal to the latter."

"What does that signify! Now in my opinion, it signifies a great deal. Were an artist to make choice of the Transfiguration, my first question would be, whether he had seen that by Raphael?"

"Without pursuing that strain of criticism any further,—acknowledge at least, that the figure tying the cord, is admirably painted, and a perfect model as regards drawing. It affords most satisfactory proof of Yegorov's ability in the last-mentioned department of his art, and of his perfect acquaintance with the human form."

"Well, I will not pretend to dispute that. Yet what is the end of this anatomical skill?—to show a man exerting himself to fasten a rope?—a fine academy figure, and nothing more. In a picture, I look for something beyond achievements of this kind, and mere manual dexterity—something that shall interest, affect, or impress me. You, too, must own in your turn that the attitude of the other executioner, is not very good. As for the soldier, though his eyes are made to stare so, he is looking at nothing. Besides, let me ask you if that kind of helmet, and a glove of mail, at all accord with the costume of the period."

"Your last objection, sir, is reasonable enough," observed a stranger, whom I took to be an artist; "and were painters to study history more attentively than they do, they would hardly fall into such anachronisms. Still, setting all prejudice aside, you must allow that this picture displays no ordinary talent, and promises much for the artist's future success. Should circumstances, more favorable than the generality of the profession meet with here, permit the painter to apply himself to works of a similar description, we may reasonably anticipate that gradually improving himself in his colouring, he would, with his masterly power in design, and his noble invention, rival in time the best artists of the Italian, French, and Spanish schools."

With this opinion I myself accorded; and, while I gazed with a feeling of satisfaction at the work before me, exclaimed mentally, "Here is an artist who does honor to the academy, and of whom we Russians may very justly be proud."

Continuing our tour through the rooms, I was particularly struck by a landscape in one of them,—a view of Schaffhausen, in which was represented the cottage where the late Emperor and the Grand-duchess Catherina Paulovna enjoyed the hospitality of a modern

Philemon and Baucis. Neither was my patriotism less interested in a piece representing the celebration of Easter by the Emperor Alexander and his brave troops, at Paris. The crowds of spectators and soldiery were exceedingly well managed; but I could not help remarking that the sky looked very cold and gloomy. My attention, however, was soon directed to another quarter, by hearing Starozhilov exclaim: "Look, pray, at yonder *rose-coloured* Venus, with her attendant pigeons and Cupid, in a deep blue landscape;—intended, I presume, to be in the style of Titian, yet far more like that of Chinese painting, where shadows are not admitted. Venus herself, you see bears not the slightest resemblance to her described by Homer, Ovid, or Lucretius; on the contrary, she looks far more like one of the caricature goddesses in Maikov's burlesque poem. Or turn your eyes to that large figure of an old man with a torch, after the manner of Gherardo della Notte, and confess that our artists are inimitable in imitation, strikingly original even while they copy. I have no doubt," continued he in the same sneering tone, "that in time we shall have a new Italian school of our own,—la Scuola Pietroborghese; and that we shall eclipse Raphael and Correggio, Titian and Albano."

To put a stop to this invective, and also with the view of giving some respite to our eyes, fatigued with the glare of so much colour, we went to examine some of Yesakov's \* beautiful intaglios, among which I particularly noticed one representing Hercules and Hylas, and another showing a native of Kiev swimming across the Dnieper. "Nothing but longer practice is wanting," observed I, "to render Yesakov a most finished master in productions of this class."—"Aye, aye, live and learn," responded Starozhilov testily: "but for my part," added he, addressing the artist, "I have seen nothing yet at all approaching perfection." "May be," replied the other, "you are somewhat difficult to be pleased. But look at that charming engraving of Ushkin's,—a Holy Family, after Guido; or that other by the same artist—the portrait of Prince Alexander Kurakin." "Clever; remarkably clever, indeed," said our fastidious companion, beginning to thaw a little, and for the first time to deviate from his principle of *nil admirari*!

To our astonishment, too, when we were afterwards looking at

\* Shortly afterwards a premature death robbed his countrymen of this promising artist.

some of Kiprensky's portraits,—that deservedly great favorite with the public, who to masterly handling and colouring adds tasteful elegance of design,—Starozhilov did not wait to be solicited for a compliment, but broke forth spontaneously with two Italian verses he had treasured up in his memory—

"Manca il parlar, di viro altro non chiedi;  
Ne manca questo ancor, se agli occhi credi."

"Here we may plainly discern the effects," continued he, "of able training. What would Kiprensky have been had he not travelled?—had he not visited Paris—had he not ——." "But he has never seen, either Paris, or Rome" replied the artist. "Never studied abroad!—That is very strange, very strange indeed!" muttered our grumbling friend. "Why so? surely a portrait painter may find models at home. At all events, there is the gallery of the Hermitage, where our artists are at liberty to study and copy Vandyke. Nay, even a landscape painter can be at no loss for guides, in that collection. Or do you imagine that the atmosphere of Italy possesses a peculiar charm? As for that of Paris, I am afraid it is quite as likely to unmake as to form an artist. The dissipations and allurements offered by that capital have more than once blighted talents of great promise."

These remarks were interrupted by the louder tone of a numerous group, who were criticizing Varnik's portrait of the late Count Stroganov, and while some were expressing their admiration of the spirited colouring, the finish of the details of the dress and other parts, others were censuring it as muddy in its colouring, and coarse in execution; while I myself was captivated by the striking resemblance it bore to the original.

"It is his very image!—it is the very man!" exclaimed an old gentleman, addressing himself to my companion. "How many tender—painful, yet consolatory recollections does that fine portrait, by our Varnik, awaken in my mind! How happily has the painter caught the features of that illustrious individual, whose memory as that of their equally beneficent and intelligent encourager is endeared to all artists,—to those more especially who, like myself, have personally felt his benignity and have had the advantage of his counsels." The emotion with which these words were uttered touched us all, not excepting Starozhilov himself.

The next object that attracted our curiosity was a colossal figure of



Actæon, modelled by Martos,\* and cast in metal by Yekimov. "Here at least," said our companion, "we have a worthy proof of what Russians are capable of accomplishing." From this production we went to Kurtel's picture of a Spartan, at Thermopylae. Having displayed his prowess in the combat, the youthful warrior is here seen expiring, apart from either friend or foe, with no other witness of his mortal struggle than the image of his mistress, whose features are impressed on a medallion he is now contemplating for the last time, with a look expressive of deep affliction and attachment. "The idea," observed I to my companions, "is ingenious and poetical; neither has the artist failed in his treatment of it." "Without doubt," replied my young friend, "there is sufficient expression in the figure—all the limbs as well as the countenance sufficiently indicate the last struggles of expiring life; yet, I must confess that, such representations afford me any thing but delight. It is by far too much after the taste of David and his school, who tried to bring before our eyes all the horrors of revolution, to please me. The agonies of a violent death—glazed eye-balls—convulsed and quivering limbs—colourless lips—ghastly wounds—in one word, all the physical signs of dissolution under such circumstances, are surely not desirable subjects for the pencil. While I admit, therefore, that the artist has here depicted them most naturally, their very truth serves but to render them more repulsive to my feelings. No; all that is nature is not suitable for the imitative Arts, any more than it is for poetry or the drama." Discoursing upon this theme, we took our leave of the Academy.

And now, my dear Recluse, the task I imposed upon myself is finished. Should it afford you any amusement, I shall probably send you something by way of sequel, recording other strolls with my young companion, and chit chat on subjects connected with Art.

\* This sculptor is not only distinguished among his own countrymen, but an artist of very superior talent, and one of whom any nation might be proud. This colossal group of Minin and Pozharsky would of itself establish a reputation. Another very able sculptor whom Russia can boast of having produced is Kezlovsky, who in fact fell a victim to his love for his profession, his incessant studies and labours having hurried him into a premature grave. His statue of Alexander the Great slumbering on a couch, with a ball in his hand, about to drop it into a vase, is considered his *chef d'œuvre*. Yekimov has brought the art of casting in bronze to unrivalled perfection in Russia. Many of the colossal statues in the Kozon Church, at St. Petersburg, were executed by him. The Actæon mentioned in the text is now one of the ornaments of the Imperial Gardens, at Petershoff.

# REMARKS ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

(From the French.)

THE more agreeable part of architectural research is doubtlessly to take the Art in its rise, to follow its advances to perfection, to dwell with rapture and delight on the *chef d'œuvres* of its maturity; and to leave it, luxuriating in the classic soils of Greece and Italy. Exalted indeed are the sensations we experience in thus tracing the development and extension of the human mind! But if we are astonished by circumstances only in proportion as they are extraordinary, it must appear less surprising, that by the invention of consecutive ages, men should insensibly perfect an art; than that all at once, they should lose the very idea of perfection, when surrounded by a multitude of the most excellent models—that they should commit the grossest violation of taste and propriety, with the purest examples of grace and elegance before their eyes! It is on a revolution so wonderful in the annals of Art, that I venture to communicate some few observations.

Without professing to determine exactly the epochas of the different styles which have prevailed in the construction of our temples, I shall confine myself to those periods that afford the most obvious differences. Enough of ancient authors describe the incursions of the barbarians into the Roman empire, but they do not paint the changes they produced in manners, science and the Arts—a subject that might surely as well employ their attention, as the battles, massacres and warfare with fire and sword, of which they present such terrific pictures.

Their silence on this most interesting part of history, reduces us to the necessity of conjecture, often unsatisfactory to ourselves; and which to merit public confidence, should be recommended by known erudition and a perfect acquaintance with antiquity. Happily I have not to speak of government, nor of politics, nor of philosophy; the objects of my attention require eyes only, and a sufficient acquaintance with the principles of Art, to judge of the comparative merits of its works. These I purpose to divide into three sections, and first from the fourth century to the ninth.

It is not to be understood, that christianity has attained this age, without having places set apart for the ceremonies of religion and the congregation of the faithful; but harassed incessantly, as it was, by cruel enemies, it could only distinguish itself in the towns by the

virtue and courage of its members. It possessed no considerable edifice, the temples of paganism commanded attention on every side, by their richness and grandeur; whilst those of the true God were often devised under ground, to escape the vigilance of persecution. At the most, a room hid in the midst of some dwelling, became the fold where the pastors assembled their trembling flocks—the sanctuary where the power of the Almighty was acknowledged—the asylum of the few disciples of Christ who were then in being!

According to some ecclesiastical authors, the christians possessed several spacious and ornamental churches before the time of Constantine; since, say they, the first care of this prince after the defeat of Maxentius, was to repair the temples of the Most High. Taking the letter of this testimony, however, it is applicable only to the churches of the east, in Asia Minor for instance, Syria and Lower Egypt. The emperors, we are aware, passed as much of their time in Asia as in Europe; it was here, nevertheless, that the christians were most severely handled. Under princes of greater moderation, than Diocletian, they may have ventured to abandon their catacombs, \* and erect even in sight of the pagans, places for the celebration of divine worship; but no true liberty could have been enjoyed by them while the emperors were idolaters. The chilling presentiment of some new revolution would prevent their churches attaining a grandeur that might excite the jealousy of the infidels and provoke fresh indignities. Those large and handsome buildings, then, spoken of by Eusebius and Nicephorus, were only large and handsome, when compared with the caves and secret chambers made use of during the storms of persecution. They were so public indeed, that the pagans were no longer ignorant of their existence, but they were far too simple to enter into rivalry with the pagods.

But as none of these monuments of the newly born and persecuted church remain, let us turn our attention to those erected in its honor, when the scourge had been wrested by the masters of the world from the hand of the heathen. Of these Rome yet possesses several examples, constructed in the reigns of Constantine and his successors, down to the total fall of the empire. The descriptions too of contem-

\* The catacombs were originally sand-pits, just without Rome, of which the christians of the two first ages took possession to shield themselves from persecution; by continued excavation they formed a sort of subterranean village of considerable extent, with places for the celebration of the holy mysteries. These catacombs are among the greatest curiosities in the environs of Rome.

porary writers have been preserved, and will share our consideration in the present paper.

It is not higher than the reign of Constantine then, that we can with any certainty trace the form and decoration of the christian temples in the west. This prince, not contenting himself with repairing such churches as were already built, undertook the foundation of monuments that should manifest the triumph of the religion he purposed to embrace. Had he exercised the power he possessed, it may be remarked, to enrich it with the finest temples of pagan Rome, posterity, in commending his piety, would have had to admire his taste. But whether the most spacious of these appeared still diminutive, or whether from political motives, he desired at this period to keep measures with the idolaters, the result only is certain. Constantine commenced his work at *Mons Caelius*, where the first christian church was erected that bore the name of *Basilica*; soon afterwards he built that of St. Peter, on *Mons Vaticanus*; and followed these with the church of St. Paul, on the *Ostian Way*. The same plan served for the whole of these edifices, so that the description of St. Paul's, (the only one which has preserved its original form) will answer for the others: some explanation of the origin of the term *Basilica*, so generally applied to the larger churches, may not, however, be altogether irrelative in this place, especially if the reader be unacquainted with Vitruvius; or, has not compared the structure in question, with the rules he gives for erecting *Basilicæ*. These ordinarily consisted of a pile in the form of a double cube, that is, twice as long as its breadth, terminating in a semicircle at one end; two ranges of columns, each composed of a double order, extended throughout the length of the interior, forming a lofty centre with columns over columns; and two side aisles, extending from the columns to the walls, ceiled or vaulted at the separation of the double order. At the circular end, arms were occasionally added laterally, giving the building somewhat the form of a T, and these arms were called *Chalcedicæ*. Situated in the most public spots, they served the purposes of an exchange, a hall of justice, and a school of literature. Here the merchants resorted, especially in winter, for the transaction of business; authors recited their works, or addressed the assembly; the lawyers and suitors attended the magistrate who sat in the circular recess, hence called the tribunal. The term *Basilica*, then, was not unaptly applied to a building of such noble form and uses—where emperors and kings were wont to administer the laws in person.

(To be continued.)

**ON THE GENIUS OF STOTHARD AND THE CHARACTER  
OF HIS WORKS.—No. II.**

HOWEVER desirable it might have been to this artist, to have been employed on works of larger dimensions, and such as would have appeared of more national interest, it may be questioned whether such employment would have extended his fame in an equal degree, with his more numerous and smaller productions; certain it is, the gratification arising from them must have been far more limited. Nor, could they have diffused that taste for, or that amusement derived from, the fine Arts.

The designs of Mr. Stothard for book prints and publications of that class, may be called an epoch in the period of such works. They not only created a desire in the public mind, to look forward from week to week for their appearance in the shape of the *Novelist's Magazine*, and other periodicals of which they formed the attraction; but they were also productive of a more laboured and beautiful style of engraving, than had, till then, been seen in embellishments to printed works. For, although the designs of Hayman, Wale, Grevelot, and others of a former period, had in them the spirit of Art, they had more of manners and the French school than was desirable, either to attract public attention by their execution as engravings, or to advance the improvement in that class of Art. Neither must it be forgotten, how much the style of engraved prints was, at this time, improved by the burial of Mr. James Heath, who was to Stothard, what Bartolozzi was to Cipriani and others; by transmitting his works to the copper, in a manner worthy the designs, keeping the character and spirit of the original, and investing them with the grace and brilliancy of a finished work.

Viewing the designs of Mr. Stothard through the medium of the different publications of Bell's poets, Robinson's plays of Shakespeare, Sharpe's, Stockdale's and many other publications; what an assemblage of talent, what variety of subject, in mind and character, do they not present! well might the scraper at Mr. Stothard's house be worn to a thread, before a new one was recently supplied; the numerous applicants to his studio must have been equal to those of the best established house in the metropolis, in commerce or in trade, and yet there was a time, and that for more than twelve months, that this highly gifted painter was without a commission. In such a case it is much to be feared, that the caprice of fashion, or the ignorance of those who omitted to introduce the works of Mr. Stothard in their speculations,

must have been in operation. Be this as it may, his pencil since that time can seldom have remained unemployed. Among other commissions, Mr. Stothard was called upon to furnish designs for the Basso-relievo's of the grand staircase of the palace of Buckingham house. In this style of decorative ornament, no man is better skilled; the taste and variety of his fancy is luxuriant, and his judgment no less correct in their appropriate introduction. In this kind of Art, generally known by the name of arabesque, and in some cases the grotesque, where every kind of incongruity is allowed, the great genius of Raphael sometimes is found to indulge. It is at once playful and ornamental, and is like the relaxation of reading after more grave and elaborate studies.

In a retrospective view of Mr. Stothard's designs for the various publications on which he has been employed, it will be found, that in spirit and fancy in the tasteful and the imaginative, a climax of excellence has been attained in his recent productions, that excite our wonder and admiration at the continued powers of the artist in an equal degree. In proof of this it will be only necessary to refer to the embellishments of Mr. Rogers' Italy, and those of his poems, made by Mr. Stothard, in conjunction with the no less imaginative, in view and landscape, Mr. Turner.

Surely to look back through the long vista of eighty years, and to count up the labors of his pencil, and the employment which those labors have given to thousands in the walks of Art, as well as those of trade, must be a reflection grateful and worthy of the close of life. Yet how far the restless activity of such a life, devoted as it were to a single pursuit, will admit of rest, is a matter of doubt. It is indeed an easy thing to talk of rest or repose to an active and enthusiastic mind, while its faculties remain, and in fact after they are gone, the vibrations of the machine will continue, though its progressive movements may be stopped. The hero reposing upon his laurels, the merchant on his retirement, or the statesman in his retreat, are the creations of fancy; "there's no such thing." The impulse given by genius, to whatever point it be directed, will be felt to the last pulse of life.

Fortunately for Art its operations do not disturb the repose of kingdoms, or the quiet of society; and, but for the little jealousies and rivalries among its professors (which belong alike to that of every other class, whether of Art or of trade) it would be a well-spring to the mind of delight and enjoyment. In its devotedness to a favorite pursuit, it is in a great measure independent of that intercourse with mankind, which the more active engagements with the world require.



Mr. Stothard has ever maintained the dignity of the profession to which he belonged; nor has he ever indulged in any of those levities, or eccentricities, which artists of far inferior talents have thought proper to exhibit, as proofs of genius; and his observations on men and manners, have been those of a thoughtful, reflective, and original mind. But it is to his works and their character, that these remarks principally belong.

Versatile as the genius of Mr. Stothard is, and various as are the treasures of his mind and fancy, there is always one prevailing bias, one leading feature, as in the works of almost every artist, which seems to claim more of his regard than others; and in which his *con amore* pencil appears to revel, while he solaces his mind, and enjoys a liberty, from the constraint of less congenial subjects. Those who have collected or studied his works with attention, will perhaps find, the romantic and imaginative in Art, his favorite choice. Of his *fêtes champêtres*, his scenes from the tales of Boccacio, with other subjects of like gaiety, develop the turn of his mind, and shew the character of his taste to most advantage. It was on subjects like these that the pleasures of composition were more distinctly felt, and more perfectly enjoyed; and it was thus, while living in a world of his own bright creation, that the realities of life, its cares and its turmoils, its ambitions or its fopperies, seldom engaged his attention; till called off from his pleasant reveries to provide for the present hour, and his immediate family concerns.

The practice of Mr. Stothard, like that of others of his profession, led him to experiments in vehicles and colours, varnishes and oils; and it may be in consequence of his fluent pencil, requiring more of the fluid than the stiff and solid texture of his pigments, that his colours, in some instances, were found to fade in a degree beyond the works of others, his contemporaries. On the subject of colouring, apart from pigment or vehicle, it is difficult to persuade artists that the medium through which they view this branch of the Fine Arts, may be a false one. As harmonious sounds are to the ear, so are well harmonized colours in a picture to the eye; and it is well known that in the one case as well as the other, a certain tact is required; a feeling which can seldom be taught, and by some is never felt in the course of their practice. Mr. Stothard was not without a sufficient skill in colouring, and where bright and vivid tints were required in subjects of a like character, his practice was in good keeping, but it never reached to what might be called fine colouring: upon the subject of which there is often more of the fanciful than sound argument. To



the uninitiated it must often be matter of surprise, to hear the encomiums passed on pictures that have no other quality to recommend them, than certain harmonized tints or colours, which might as readily be found on a decayed wall, in an old cheese, or any other object on which accidental stains may be found. But though there is no arguing about tastes, it may be observed, that the mania of harmonious colours, and certain tones and tints, has been carried to an unwarrantable length, both in artist and amateur; and to which predilections, both the qualities of drawing, and subject, have been sacrificed, or at least passed over unregarded. Considered apart from the interest which belongs to the progressive state of the Arts, many of the florid colours which are found in the works of the painters of the Italian, German, and other schools of Art, may be viewed rather as the glittering tinsel of a kaleidoscope, than as subjects adapted to the understanding, fraught with interest, and bearing upon the most important events of sacred history. The conceptions of these paintings, are, for the most part, as crude as the colours under which they appear; and, with the exception of Albert Durer, Hammelinck, and some few others, may be considered rather as curiosities in Art, than as objects either of admiration or imitation.

In some of Mr. Stothard's paintings there is a leaning towards this olden style of Art, but then it appears with the like redeeming qualities which distinguished the works of the above mentioned painters. The taste and study of Mr. Stothard, led him to look for objects in which grace and simplicity are found to unite, and in the same pursuit and on the same objects, we find the late justly admired Flaxman, as well as the eccentric Blake, fix their attention, and derive their invention; namely, the ancient monuments in Westminster Abbey. Many of which are in the purest style of Art, and must have been to these artists a mine of pictorial wealth. The versatility however of Mr. Stothard's powers, enabled him to take a wider range, both in subject and manner, than either Flaxman or Blake. In him we find the humours of Hogarth, though with less of individuality, and less of his coarseness. In the works of Mr. Stothard, we find the uncouth costume of the last century, and almost that of the present, subdued and moulded into forms suitable to the picturesque.

There are few artists whose inclinations have led them to fix their choice on subjects of history, or works of imagination, but have been sometimes constrained to diverge from the path they had chosen, and to occupy themselves on subjects less genial to their taste; and occasionally to fall into the rank of portraiture. But, unless incidentally,

on as his subjects required, the pencil of Mr. Stothard has seldom been employed in the regular way of Portrait painting. There is, however, one solitary instance, of a portrait the size of life; the gentleman who purchased the copy of the *Canterbury Pilgrims*, the *Shakspeare* characters, and other works of this artist. This portrait is characterized by its simplicity of execution, and fidelity of resemblance, which while it renders it valuable to those to whom it belongs, is devoid of mannerism, or of any thing that would lead to mark it as the work of the artist.

It can hardly have happened, but that the extent and celebrity of Mr. Stothard's designs must have given rise to some imitators: among them, the late Thurston endeavored to adopt his style and manner, but it was only in the manner not in the spirit of the artist. Some of the works of J. M. Wright, and W. H. Brooke, may be said to resemble those of our artist, but they cannot be called imitations, they have a character of their own, bearing the stamp of genius. Indeed the observation, that no man was ever great from imitation, should be taken with some limitation, as it will be found that few, if any, of the great masters ancient or modern, but have sought to improve their own style or manner, by incorporating a portion of what they esteemed in certain qualities found in the works of their contemporaries or predecessors; and it is hardly possible to avoid something of this, at any period of contemporary Art. The student is directed to enter the lists with the object of his admiration, and endeavour to think and compose after his manner. It is evident that Lely and Dobson, imitated the manner and style of Vandyke, and their works, especially those of the latter, are hardly less estimable than those of their prototype. Both Reynolds and Lawrence, had their imitators while living, as well as after their death, and surely it is some degree of merit to approach the standard of excellence at which these masters had arrived; nor should it be, as it too often is, a matter of censure and a drawback on the works of an artist, if his style and manner resemble another, provided his model is formed in nature, and the thoughts and composition are his own; nor will it take from the merit of Mr. Stothard, or the character of his genius, that he has transfused the spirit of some of the most esteemed masters into his pictures, without losing an iota of his own originality and invention. There are not wanting examples in the works of Mr. Stothard, in which the graces of Raphael, the sprightliness of Watteau, and the fire of Rubens may be recognized. It may be, and we trust it is, a gratification to this venerable and veteran artist, to find himself and

his works, at his late hour of life, appreciated as they ought to be—his drawings and sketches sought after by admiring collectors: nor has this been, as in the case of Wilson, Hogarth, and many others, when the grave has long closed over their remains, for a portion of the pleasure and satisfaction which his works have afforded to others, is reflected on himself.

There are many excellent portraits of Mr. Stothard,\* among them, that by the late — Harlowe, is eminently conspicuous, as displaying the quiet complacency of the artist's mind, as well as his thoughtful and reflecting character. And if a still more characteristic portrait of the artist should be thought wanting, it will be found in the Bust, executed in marble, by E. H. Bailey, R. A.; an artist whose talents and taste qualify him alike to excel in the bust, the monument, the effigy, or the classic in sculpture. It would be a just tribute to so distinguished an artist, if the Royal Academy, or any other institution connected with the Fine Arts, were to purchase this Bust of Mr. Stothard, and place it in some conspicuous part of their Gallery or Hall, as a testimony of regard to one, who has done so much honor to the British School of design.

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## HISTORY AND PRINCIPLES OF PAINTING.

*(Concluded from page 432.)*

BUT whilst Art was thus, through its professors, achieving for itself so proud a victory in the studios and halls of the Florentine Academies, there were other quarters of the world in which, if its display of perfection and beauty was not so great, so bold, or so noble, its efforts, aspiring to this point, were of no contemptible character, and were deserving of great admiration. The schools of Venice numbered among their professors, the names of Giorgione and Titian; and in Lombardy, the name of Correggio implied the perception of great and renowned talent in Art. Giorgione and Titian were the first who efficiently introduced landscape painting into Art. Giorgione adopted the then novel feature of introducing into his pictures, representations of fêtes-champêtres; in which, in tone and colour of rich composition, he introduced the dresses of the noble Venetians. The genius of Titian threw beauty over every subject which he

\* A very fine painting, and correct likeness, of Mr. Stothard, has just been completed by Mr. J. Wood. EDITOR.

painted; whether of simplicity, of domestic habits, or of richness and grandeur, they were all portrayed by him with great taste and good feeling, and with a fullness and vivacity of colour which was yet calm and sobered in tone. Nevertheless when the scene or subject demanded it, he could raise his efforts to the grand and impressive, as is exhibited in his pictures of the "Death of St. Peter the Martyr," and "David returning thanks to God for his Victory over Goliath." Tintoretto is another name of the Venetian school, and had that artist been more sensible of his power, and careful of his reputation, he would have disputed the palm of superiority with Titian. "His pictures manifest an imagination of the brightest quality, with vast knowledge of the human figure, and the arrangement of drapery commanded by an energetic hand, frequently capable of impressing this on the canvass at a stroke, sometimes executed happily, sometimes with great absurdity and folly." His imagination was most fertile, his pencil was most rapid. The churches and halls of the different communities of Venice, are overloaded with his productions. Paul Veronese differed mainly from these great artists. Splendor and magnificence of form and colour fill his canvass, the general composition is well arranged, and guided by a well founded knowledge of the Art.

We have before alluded to the presiding genius over Art, in the schools of Lombardy, or rather in the school of Parma—this was Correggio, of whom it may be truly said, that he found the third grand requisite to make manifest the entire power of Art. He introduced a more ample and brilliant chiaro-oscuro into his pictures, adding to it that inestimable charm, grace. His greatest works are his cupolas at Parma. We see the grace, the taste, and the exquisite perfection of his colouring and execution in, "St. Jerome presenting his Translation of the Bible to the Infant Saviour," the "Nativity," and the "Marriage of St. Catherine," and in that beautiful personification of repose—his "Madonna;" these paintings will ever command the admiration of the world.

The perfection and beauty of Art would seem at this period of its history, to have reached nearly its highest pinnacle, and many artists now appeared whose names are as household words, and whose superior powers, delicacy, and style of execution, threw over all their works a wondrous light of glorious irradiation. Many paintings of first rate merit, were at this period painted under the direction and superintendence of M. Angelo himself. We may instance the "Resurrection of Lazarus," by Sebastiano del Piombo, which now adorns

the walls of our National Gallery, and the "Descent from the Cross," by Daniel da Volterra. This latter has been classed among the three fine pictures in Rome, the second one being the "Transfiguration," by Raphael: the third, the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino. Andrea del Sarto, Rosso, Bronzino Pontormo, and some others, sustained at this period, the celebrity and fame of the Florentine school, with more or less ability; but the most powerful imitator of the designs of M. Angelo, was Pellegrino Tibaldi, whose knowledge of the human figure, and the ease with which he overcame the most difficult fore-shortenings, proved the power which he possessed over design. But these want the regulating principle of good sense, the deficiency of which in his pictures, marred much of of their true beauty and general effect. With Tibaldi were associated Primaticcio and Nicolo del Abbate, who sought to do honour to the memory and genius of M. Angelo; but they mistook his manner for his colour. Whilst Art was thus suffering under unmerited degradation, a set of artists, with Julio Romano at their head, adopted the latter style of Raphael, in form and composition, for their model; and thus founded what has since been termed the Roman school of Painting. It differs from the Florentine in the more strict attention paid to the forms of Grecian sculpture. We pass over the able and judicious history of this school of painting, which Mr. Phillips has given, and come to the three Caracci, of whom it may be said, that they endeavoured to combine the excellencies of the three great schools—Florence, Parma and Venice, but as Mr. Phillips has most correctly remarked, they failed in this attempt, nor did their practice at all substantiate their theory. Their light and shade was not like Correggio's, nor did their colours imitate the natural glow which those of Titian possess; they wanted the powerful activity of Tintoretto, the grace and purity of Raphael, and the intense feeling of Michael Angelo. Mr. Phillips expatiates *con amore* on the merit of these three great artists; but for this we must refer our readers to the work itself, which contains some most valuable and interesting passages on the genius, talent and learning displayed by the great men of Art in those times.

Guido Reni, Albano, Domenichino, Lanfranc and Guercino come next in order, among the most conspicuous painters of this school. Guido's talent pleased and fascinated the eye, his linear outlines expressed great taste and feeling, and the arranging of his draperies was rich and elegant. Great pathos was occasionally to be found in the figures of his Madonnas; they wore an expression of celestial purity

and beauty which added greatly to the sentiments which they inspired. Domenichino triumphed in colour and pathos, which is observable in the "Crucifixion of St. Andrew," the "Demoniac Boy," and the "Communion of St. Jerome"; there is a just and powerful expression in these paintings which is totally free from affectation.

Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine deserve the merit of raising the delineation of landscape scenery, to a higher point than had been ever done before their time. The former displayed a richness and depth in his colouring, and a well regulated union of tone in the different parts of his pictures. The latter may be said to have made his studio among the richest landscapes of nature, the light tints of his colouring, the aerial richness of his perspective, and the beautiful and poetic association of objects wherewith to enrich his landscapes, are the distinguishing characteristics of excellence in this great painter.

We have thus, with the aid of the valuable historic materials, which the industry of Mr. Phillips has enabled him to collect, brought the history of Art through the important periods of its rise and fall in the schools of Italy, to its more recent introduction into France by Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine. We shall now leave these regions of Art and enter another, wherein, if she did not assume such an exalted and ennobling tone of composition, or so pure and delicate a perception of the beautiful—she yet served the more lowly purpose of appealing to the homely feelings and domestic ties of mankind. We will not detain our readers, by unravelling the causes of this change, both of system and style, but proceed onwards to the consideration, which Mr. Phillips gives, of the talent and genius of Albert Durer, who as an author, an engraver, and a painter, may be said to have ranked high in the esteem of all who were in any degree acquainted with Art. In his paintings he displayed much original thought and feeling, and expression of fine and delicate sense of beauty. His picture of "Melancholy," which, as Mr. Fuseli, with great truth and justice, observed, "needed little more to render it sublime;" his "Warrior" and his "Caiaphas" are so many instances of the superior excellencies which his compositions portrayed, and which are deserving of the highest admiration. But a greater artist than Albert Durer, was Rubens, who claimed by a pure and dazzling perception of truth and beauty, an honorable name in the field of science. He possessed the facility of engrafting the ideas and conceptions of those great men, who had preceded him, upon his own, and the prototype was lost in the deep experience and knowledge of



the subject lavished upon his pictures. His genius was original—his invention peculiar, nor can blame be laid to his charge, if, as Mr. Phillips justly observes, he did not unite himself more with the genius of the ancient masters, and “involve himself in a conflict of feeling, the issue of which was uncertain, and which might have produced mediocrity only in a pre-existing style.” In the effect of his compositions emanated embodied masses of splendor and magnificence. The exuberance of his invention, the grasp, the power, and the daring of his imagination were displayed in the striking and bold outlines of his figures, the rich profusion and flow of his draperies, the breadth and luxuriance of his colouring, and his powerful effects of light and shadow. There was no object in nature that his pencil could, or did not, display—the figures of his angels were as true and natural, as though he had seen them constantly fluttering about his studio. Vandyke was the pupil of Rubens, and followed him in many of his steps of greatness. He possessed not the same boldness of imagination—but his composition was skilful, and scarcely to be excelled. In the early practice of his Art he exhibited a bold style, which he afterwards changed for one of greater care, caution, and precision. His picture of the Earl of Pembroke’s family, at Wilton, is an example of the former, and his portraits of Sir Robert and Lady Shirley, at Petworth, display the latter. The numerous portraits by him, in this country, display a fine knowledge of form and feature, and a careful precision and breadth of colour. Rembrandt Van Pryn is the next artist of any fame and talent to which the Low Countries gave birth. No one ever bestowed more care on the general composition, arrangement, and adaptation of the different parts of a picture. He gave a depth and nobleness of feeling, and a rich character of mysterious grandeur to his pictures, by the powerful breadth and shadowy display of chiaro-oscuro in his pictures. Thus he was enabled to give an universal attraction to every subject which he portrayed, uniting with this a fine rich sense of poetic feeling and a beautiful arrangement of form. His compositions may be also noticed for correct anatomy of the human figure and the graceful flow which he gave to his draperies.

We now come to consider the rise of Art in our own country; and we can find nought arresting the attention, in an extraordinary manner, until the reign of Charles I. if we except the productions of Holbein and Sir Antonio More, during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. We may pass on from these to the names of Kneller, Sir J. Thornhill, Ramsay, Hudson and Hogarth, until we come to



the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom was reserved the task of removing the withering spell which hung over the Fine Arts in this country, in which noble and laudable endeavour, he was ably aided and assisted, by such men as West, Barry, Wilson, Gainsborough, Romney, Opie, and Fuseli; all of great and original genius. Hogarth too was a native artist, and one of whom any country might be justly proud. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds, there are too many testimonials of his high ability and genius, to permit our hesitating one moment to place him in the most exalted rank of Art. Titian alone could justly dispute the palm of superiority with him. There is in many of Sir Joshua's portraits a picturesque arrangement of back grounds, and extended luxuriance of colouring, with a powerful and beautiful *chiaro-oscuro* which divide the interest with the portrait itself, and give to it, if we may use the term, a very excess of beauty. But this is not the case in all his pictures. In his fine painting of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Music, we have a rich example of a manifestation of the higher and nobler principles of Art, with the preservation still of the main object of the portraiture, thus giving to the whole a beautiful combination, which is entitled to the highest praise. In his paintings he possessed a power and facility which gave them, as it were, a pictorial biography of the individual.

We have now brought down the history of the Fine Arts to within a few years of the present time, and if our space will not allow us to proceed further in the present number, with a review of the various subjects connected with them, which are discussed by Mr. Phillips, we may be permitted to take a critical and retrospective glance over those parts of his work which we have perused.

We cannot but think that there is a want of order and arrangement in this work, which militates against its general utility of purpose. Thus the account which Mr. Phillips gives of Raphael, Correggio, and Rubens, whose best works but few students can examine, or study from, occupies a far greater number of pages than are devoted to the consideration of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds—this neglect is either implied or evident, and it is one which we regret much to have met with. It would have been better, had Mr. Phillips brought down the history of Art to a later period than the days of Sir Joshua—these lectures were written and delivered in 1827, ample time therefore has elapsed for care, arrangement, and correction, which might have been made as evident in this work, as they have ever been displayed in the paintings of its author.

## BRITISH SCHOOL OF LIVING PAINTERS.

C. R. LESLIE, Esq., R. A.

THE circumstance of Leslie being appointed by the government of the United States, to an official situation in Washington, must, we think, set aside all doubts and questions as to his having been born in America. For it is a principle of the American republic, to bestow office only upon such men as are native born, or who, by long residence have become naturalized. Leslie came over to England very early in life, when he was quite a boy, and received his education at the Charter House School, along with his brother. Such an event is certainly strong evidence of the respectability of his family and connections. It was at this school, that he first became instructed in the rudiments and elementary parts of drawing, under the tuition of Burgess, the father of the present talented artist of that name, excellent for his delineation and portraiture of trees. And long previous to his quitting the Charter House school, the pupil had by many degrees outstripped the master, in the character and general beauty of his drawings.

The character of the early works of Leslie, partook generally of the domestic, with now and then a specimen from scripture, and in the late lord de Tabley's collection was the subject of "Saul and the witch of Endor," painted on a large scale. It was composed with great skill and altogether displayed considerable powers of poetry and imagination, with much of the deep and sombre colouring of Danby. But the true strength and bias of the genius of Leslie, must not be estimated by his essays in scriptural subjects. His true forte is dramatic painting, culled from the unrivalled pages of Shakspeare; the varied incidents, the "moving accidents by flood and field," in the career of Don Quixote; the racy humor of Sterne, the right old English feeling of the "Spectator," and the peculiar humour and heart thrilling sentiment of Geoffrey Crayon. Simple and unostentatious scenes from the above works have alone been sufficient to form the basis of Leslie's great and merited reputation. Unlike many painters, who, merely for the sake of doing something of all sorts, treat upon subjects to which they possess no affinity or sympathy of feeling; Leslie in all his works of the dramatic and humourous class, throws into them such propriety and adaptation of character, as at once to convince us of the truth and reality of the portraiture, a view of the subject which no other artist would have taken. Thus in his picture of Sir Roger de

Coverly going to church amid his parishioners, are faithfully and admirably portrayed; the simple character, the blunt honesty, and warm benevolence of that unequalled specimen of the true old English gentleman of by-gone times; his figure, manner, expression and dress, appear stamped in the very dye of the times. The portraiture by Steel, is most vividly realized to our sight. With some painters, it would have been difficult to divest themselves of some degree of affectation, either in dress, manner, or expression, in attempting to do too much. It is the amiable characteristic of Leslie, that he is never overstrained or exaggerated; the action and expression never go beyond what, in real nature, one might expect—there is nothing over-forced to attract, they are not painted only to catch the eye, but, properly to be appreciated, must be read with as much attention as the original description from which the subject is taken. Leslie has a quick perception of the quaint and humorous, and in no picture were these excellencies so forcibly delineated as in his *Sancho Panza*, relating his adventures to the duchess: it was the genius of *Le Sage* in colours. In the heads of *Don Quixote* and his valorous squire, exhibited a few years back, Leslie admirably portrayed the different characteristics of each, and gave to both that peculiar quaintness and humour intended by the author; the look of profound and deep abstractedness was excellently depicted in the one, and the air and look of sensual delight and humour in the other.

Of works from Shakspeare, the "*Dinner at Ford's*," and scene from "*Catherine and Petruchio*" are most beautiful specimens; in the "*Dinner at Ford's*," although perfectly imaginary, yet such is its truth of character, that it might well pass as having been painted from a descriptive scene by the great poet himself. The character and general style of the architecture of the room, even the very manner of painting, handling, and colouring of the picture, appeared to throw us back to the very time of its taking place. Nothing appeared to intrude, to remind us in any degree that it was a *made up* picture, as too many of our modern paintings unfortunately do. The execution of the "*Catherine and Petruchio*," was a most happy illustration of that scene of the play, where Petruchio vents his assumed anger and violence on the poor snip of a tailor. The energy of his action, as he holds the disordered gown before the trembling and frightened tailor, his flashing eye and *tout ensemble* of attitude, was perfect and original; and as perfect also was the attitude and expression of the fair shrew. Her chagrin and disappointment at being foiled in her anticipations of being the

master, her vexation at being controlled, was exquisitely delineated. The idea of making her bite her necklace from very anguish and vexation, was a difficult incident to portray; but it was managed with admirable propriety, while the voluptuous beauty of Catherine sufficiently accounted to us, for the almost Herculean task of Petruchio's in attempting to tame one so much imbued with the blood of Xantippe.

The great genius of Leslie sheds lustre on the concentration of talent even among the numerous gifted members of the Royal Academy; to the honor of which he was elected in 1826; and in the exhibition of the following year, he sent a painting of "Lady Jane Grey prevailed on to accept the crown"; a work distinguished for the highest qualities of Art, for its truth of expression, and admirable skill of composition. Another of his most brilliant and poetical compositions, replete with truth and character of the period and time represented, is "May Day, in the time of Queen Elizabeth". This beautiful work is now in the hands of the engraver, and, from proofs of the etching which we have seen, will be an admirable transcript of the original. For exquisite drawing, fine perception of female beauty, and quaint and quiet humour, his painting of "Uncle Toby looking into the eye of the Widow Wadman," may be instanced as a rich example. The unsophisticated simplicity of Uncle Toby, the earnestness of his gaze, as he endeavours to discover the cause of the pretty widow's uneasiness, and the latter's assumed innocence, and fascinating *naïveté*, are most graphically portrayed, and may be considered as fully equalling the humour and richness of Sterne himself. It is altogether a faultless work, a real gem of Art, and for the excellencies pointed out, cannot be equalled by any of the old masters. For it is questionable that if any one of the Flemish painters had treated of such a subject, but it would have been disfigured by some gross conceit or other; whereas such a blemish can never in the remotest degree be attached to any one work of Leslie's. His humour never borders on the gross or licentious, all is chaste and unexaggerated simplicity and nature. This painting possesses more than ordinary interest, exclusive of its intrinsic merit; the celebrated Jack Bannister having sat for the figure of Uncle Toby, and, no doubt, some handsome fascinating fair was the model for the pretty Widow Wadman.

With the exception of the highest class of historical painting, no subject we think is more difficult, or one which tasks to the utmost the abilities of an artist, than "Family Pictures" in the ungainly costume of the nineteenth century. In the first place a difficulty

arises, how to arrange the composition of the figures, so as to invest them with some degree of interest beyond merely pleasing the (too often monstrous) taste of the family. In such subjects Reynolds was always successful, for indeed they came from him imbued with the highest qualities and feeling of Art; in splendid and harmonious colouring, and strikingly powerful chiaro-oscuro, with a character and expression but little removed from the province of history. Leslie, in his painting of the Grosvenor family, mastered the difficulties of the subject, and proved how subservient every obstacle can be to one who knows how to study nature in her proper mood, and exercise a proper taste in the selection and arrangement of his objects. Independent of its intrinsic value to the family, it will always be highly prized as a work of Art alone, by any one with the least taste or feeling.

To the exhibition of 1833, Leslie sent but three paintings: "Martha and Mary before Christ," "Mother and Child," and "Tristram Shandy recovering his lost MSS." Of these three, the last was certainly the most excellent. The earnestness and anxiety of poor Tristram, as he unfolds each crumpled scrap, mixed with anger and vexation, was the very acme of excellence and truth; and equally admirable was the expression of the poor, confused, and perplexed Grisette, as, with cheeks reddened with blushes, she untwists her hair out of the precious MSS. Leslie, in this painting, was great as ever, which we cannot say of his "Martha and Mary before Christ;" there was some beautiful drawing and composition, but the character and expression of our Saviour's head, was tame and common-place, bad in colouring, and altogether unworthy of the high genius of Leslie. The "Mother and Child," was a simple bit of nature, a mother dancing and snapping her fingers, before her child, who is placed in an arm-chair, under the care of an attendant. To use an artistical phrase, although there was "nothing in it," yet it was a pleasing picture, from its very simplicity and perfect feeling of nature; the air and attitude of the mother was light and graceful.

In single heads, Leslie is very excellent, particularly female heads; for instance the "Bride," which first appeared in one of the annuals, and has since been improved on a large scale; there is a sweet expression of tender melancholy and innocent loveliness about her; a deep and fervent reflection in her eyes. The portrait of Sir W. Scott also first appeared in an annual, and has since been engraved by G. H. Phillips, in mezzotint. For a perfect likeness and undorned resemblance of Scott, this portrait is far superior to Law-

rence's. Leslie has a finer and keener perception of character than ever Lawrence had. The beauty and excellence of Leslie's portrait must be ascribed to his keeping within range of his subject, in not attempting to do too much, but merely a plain and simple portraiture of the individual, with every striking indication and developement of character. Whereas Lawrence on the contrary has attempted too much, not content by an endeavour to give a likeness of the man alone, but *has marred* it by an affectation of sentiment, Lawrence's besetting sin, by making Scott in appearance, a dandy and fine gentleman.

Having now gone through the principal works of Leslie, we will next analyze his abilities as a draughtsman and colourist. We have shewn that in point of character and expression, he is never deficient; that they are always appropriate to the time, place, and subject. As a draughtsman then he is equally great, and never shocks us by carelessness and negligence. At the same time he is free and graceful, free from any affectation of mechanical power. Their mechanical execution is at all times a negative point with Leslie. With some painters execution is a great object to be aimed at, in preference to the more intellectual. With Leslie it is never the case; his execution may in general be considered as somewhat bordering on sameness, still it is a defect which never obtrudes itself, and is only evident when brought into comparison with others whose works are full of dashing ability and power of execution.

As a colourist, Leslie is not at all times equal; in some of his works he is full of richness and harmony; in others, heavy, opaque and crude, with a prevailing tone of vermilion and white. In the picture of "Lady Jane Grey," there was great sweetness of colouring, with a grey, pearly tone. In the "Dinner at Ford's," although somewhat tinged with too much of the vermilion tone, yet taken altogether, it was a powerfully coloured painting, with great solidity and firmness of drawing and effect arising from the skilful management of the two colours, black and red. In the subject of the "Grosvenor Family," red was a very predominant colour, but this could scarcely be avoided, as the apartment represented was a fac-simile of the real one, with every bit of ornament, and furniture. The "Catherine and Petruccio" on the contrary, was chaste and harmonious in colour, so likewise was the "Uncle Toby." The "Martha and Mary before Christ," was execrably crude in colour, and with the exception of the drawing, possessing no redeeming quality. "Tristram Shandy, reco-

vering his lost MSS." was violently red and crude in parts, but if with such faults a work possesses character and expression, they may, without doing much violence to taste, be overlooked.

In his general perception of females, Leslie always invests them with more of the mental than mere physical beauty, and gives them an air of noble and dignified deportment. Nor are his men deficient in all the elevated qualities of their sex; and, for real humour and quaintness, we have shewn that in his *Sancho Panza* and the duchess, *Uncle Toby*, and *Tristram Shandy*, he is perfectly original in their delineation; and one of Leslie's most admirable characteristics is, that he can most truly and graphically develop the plot and meaning of his compositions with comparatively few figures. He never has recourse for the mere sake of effect to over-crowding his compositions with a multiplicity of figures.

In sentiment Leslie is truly poetical; there is no affectation of it, as if it came second-hand, but appears the pure effusion of a highly gifted mind. The graces of his females are not borrowed from the stiffened artifices of drawing rooms, nor the dignity of his men from the skill of a tailor, they are derived from nature alone, where is to be seen the true aristocracy of mind.

In his numerous works from Washington Irving, Leslie had full scope for the exercise of his varied powers of humour, viz.—*Anthony Van Corlear* leaving his mistress for the wars, the *Dutch fireside*, *Dutch Courtship*, and several others.

It was the belief of many persons, when the report first prevailed that Leslie was about retiring to his native America, that a want of patronage here was the chief cause; but to the honor of this country such was not the case. The superior excellence of his works never allowed much time to intervene ere they found their way into the collection of a man of taste; and lord Egremont offered him commissions to the value of some thousands of pounds to induce him to stay in England, but which he could not accept, having been appointed by the government of the United States, to fill an official situation in America. But we sincerely trust, that although distant in other climes, no exhibition of the Royal Academy will pass without being graced with one at least of his works: he is still young, and in the full vigor of his intellectual powers, so that we may look forward yet for a succession of masterly productions from his hand.



## AN ADDRESS

TO THE COMMITTEE AND SUBSCRIBERS OF AN INTENDED CENOTAPH\*

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. AT EDINBURGH.

To commemorate the illustrious and venerated dead has been a practice of all ages, all countries, and almost every class of the human race. The vast pyramids of Egypt and of America—the tumuli of the Greeks and of the Celtic nations—and the Cenotaphs to heroes;—the bust, the sepulchral monument, and the portrait, are so many evidences of the affectionate sympathies of the human heart.

It is a lamentable defect of our natures not sufficiently to appreciate living worth,—but no sooner has death closed the mortal career of the amiable and the estimable, but we deeply and sincerely lament the loss—weep over the remembrance of their many good qualities, and endeavour to make every atonement in our power for former “negligences and ignorances.” The decease of a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Scott, is not a local catastrophe—is not limited to a small circle of friends;—it is an universal calamity—an irreparable loss to the moral and intellectual world—it is a shock that seems to paralyze the universal heart. Such persons may be regarded as friends—relatives—fathers to all their species; they amassed invaluable treasures, and dispersed them freely and bountifully to the whole world, and the world is therefore under infinite obligations to them. It is true that the legacies of such men have generally produced at once grateful remembrance and affectionate veneration; but two of the pre-eminent bards above-named were neither sufficiently prized in their own generation, nor were adequate honors paid to their manes after death. Let not the same be said of the immortal Scott, and of his associates, his friends and his admirers.—He lived to hear reiterated sounds of praise and critical applause from all parts of the literary world: and he continued “to labor in his vocation,” to deserve every term of

\* Our readers must be aware, that many and large subscriptions have been made to raise memorials to Sir Walter Scott. Among these the inhabitants of Edinburgh were prompt and liberal; for that city was his home for many years, and the theatre of all his publicities and secrecies. In reply to a communication from the Edinburgh committee, Mr. Britton wrote a letter, recommending a cenotaph, in the form of a cross; and we are assured that he has made some designs, illustrative of his opinions and suggestions. Persuaded that such a subject, and such a mode of treating it, are entitled to the serious attention of artists and the public generally, we are gratified in being allowed the privilege of giving publicity to the letter.—EDITOR.

encomium that had been bestowed, and to gain further and more lasting honors.

See the number, variety, and versatility of his published works—mark the vast knowledge they display—the commanding intellectual powers they manifest, and no heart can be insensible—no head can be unmindful of his incomparable merits and moral worth. His writings will live for ever—as long as printing, reading, thinking, and the present system of our terrestrial globe is continued, they must amuse and interest hundreds of generations yet to come.

As beautifully and truly expressed by the poetical president of the Royal English Academy—*Genius*

“leaves its best image in its works enshrined,  
And makes a mausoleum of mankind.”

True; they are at once a monument and a legacy; they commemorate the dead; they also confer countless benefits on the living. Is it not a duty incumbent on those who live—of the advantaged survivors, to put upon record—to make some palpable and lasting memorial of their gratitude and esteem?

It has been the practice of mankind to pay disproportionate honors to successful warriors, and to temporizing statesmen, whilst philosophers, historians, poets, artists—men who have conferred honor on their country and themselves, and consequently benefited the civilized world, have been too much neglected.

The present age (in England at least) seems likely to commence a better system; to adopt a more enlightened and honorable policy. Professional merits are generally appreciated during life, and when of the higher order, they are usually honored after death.

There are many ways of marking this posthumous fame; but that will be most efficient, which is most lasting, and which is also most in harmony with the age and general characteristics of the person commemorated.

The catholics, at once religious and affectionate, raised *Stone Crosses* to commemorate certain spots of earth which they wished to render sacred to virtue, to heroism, to merit. Sentiments of religious devotion and of personal regard influenced their conduct,—not only the site of interment, but where persons died, and many other stations, where the corpse rested on its way to the grave, were marked by crosses, and these in after ages constituted trophies, altars, and mementoes, religious and mortuary. The devout catholic never passes one of these Cenotaphs without a prayer, associating the

memory and merits of the deceased with those of his Saviour and God. If the protestant faith be not so ardent—so devoted—it may be said to be more discriminating—more profound; and we can venture to assert that the monument, or Cenotaph of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, will produce as powerful sympathies in refined intellects as the Eleanor, or other crosses ever can in those of catholics.

A monumental memorial is a visible, tangible object, calculated to awaken inquiry, and reflection in persons not sufficiently informed of its meaning and tendency—to bring before “the mind’s eye” all the personalities and attributes of the departed to those who were familiar with him or with his works.

In recommending a Cenotaph for Sir Walter Scott, at Edinburgh, in the form and general character of a christian cross, I am influenced by the conviction, that a design of this kind is more analagous to the present age—to the partialities of the deceased—to the pervading character of his writings, than any other species of architectural composition. Neither Egyptian, Grecian, nor Roman could be made to impart that locality and nationality of sentiment which belongs to the architecture of the middle ages—this brings with it, and belongs to the chivalric and romantic annals of Great Britain—it blends the military and monastic—it unites the civil and ecclesiastical emblems of by-gone days—it may intimate the gloomy, almost impregnable castle of the rude and haughty baron; and also the gorgeous and sainted minster of the catholic devotee. Whilst the one furnishes dungeons and halls—galleries and cells—lofty embrasured towers and moats—drawbridges and portcullises; the other is designed and adorned with all the luxuries of architectural composition and sculptural ornament. These are objects and associations belonging to “*The Lady of the Lake*,”—“*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,”—“*The Antiquary*,”—“*Kenilworth*,”—“*Peveril of the Peak*,” &c. &c. and these unfold to the fancy of the antiquarian architect an exhaustless store for combination and composition.

A design in the form and with some of the peculiarities of the stone cross is susceptible of great variety of surface, as well as great power of expression. Whilst its architectural members may indicate something of the military and monastic character of the middle ages—its sculptured enrichments ought to display some of the prominent personages and characteristic incidents of the bard’s and novellist’s creative fancy. The engraved and sculptured designs of the ancient Egyptians and Greeks have lasted for many centuries, and are examined and investigated with intense interest and delight by artists

and antiquaries of the present age; so may future connoisseurs and antiquaries look with curiosity and delight at the *Scott Cenotaph*, (if appropriate) which an admiring public may raise to his fame.

Instead of armorial insignia, which are generally as unintelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphics, and have little that is emblematical or historical in their designs, I would introduce a series of sculptured subjects, both in statues and basso-relievos, to tell tales of the author and of his writings; and these subjects should mark and characterise certain interesting scenes, personages, and events which are rendered familiar to the reader of Scott's works. I would also call into action and laudable rivalry the talents of modern artists, and put their designs on permanent record, and in immediate association with the name and memory of Scotland's boast.

Dec. 1833.

JOHN BRITTON.

#### BRIEF MEMOIR OF MR. GEORGE COOKE.

THE subject of this memoir was born in London, January the twenty-second, 1781. His Father was a native of Frankfort on the Maine, who settled in England early in life, and who, in the exercise of his calling, that of a wholesale confectioner, having realized a moderate competency, retired from business about thirty years ago.

After the usual school education, George Cooke, at the age of fourteen, was apprenticed to Mr. James Basire, son of the engraver of West's Pylades and Orestes; an unfortunate selection, for, during the whole term of seven years, Mr. Basire scarcely wrought at his desk as many months, and the youth was left to make his own way. In the choice of a profession he was influenced probably by the example of his elder brother William, who had previously become the pupil of Angus, the publisher of a set of "Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats." His family retain but little evidence of his early predilection for the Arts; the active energies of his mind would have ensured him distinction in any scientific or intellectual pursuit; but accident determined him on engraving, and chance directed him to Basire, in whose atelier an ordinary capacity would have been blighted for ever.

The enthusiasm of youth and a peculiar elasticity of spirit which forsook him not in after life, joined to an ardent love for, and seeking after excellence, saved him from the disgust which his probationary occupations were calculated to excite. Amongst a heap of trite, common-place, and temporary matter, one drawing by Turner came an-

nually to Basire's to be translated to copper, as an appendage to the Oxford almanack, and, like the Angel's descent to the Pool of Bethesda, this solitary visitation brought healing on its wings, and wrought miracles on those within the sphere of its influence. From this source may be dated George Cooke's confirmed devotion to his profession, and that ardent admiration of the works of our great painter, which afterwards produced such extensive results.

Emancipated from the trammels of an apprenticeship, endured without the compensatory advantage of an efficient instructor, his zeal and industry soon opened to him an animating prospect. About that time commenced the publication of the *Beauties of England and Wales*, which introduced to public notice several names destined to rank amongst the most eminent in the Art of engraving, as the brothers Cooke, Burnet, Pye and the Le Keux's. In conjunction with Mr. William Cooke, and also separately, George Cooke executed many plates for that work, which are marked with strong indications of sedulous care and eagerness to excel, characteristics in all his productions. Of his earliest works, some allegorical designs with portraits of German authors, and a small book plate entitled "Edward and Annette," illustrating a novel translated from the German, are creditable to his self-educated powers in engraving the human figure. Shortly after, jointly with his brother, were produced two highly wrought large plates of celebrated Race Horses, Hap-hazard and Muly Moloch. The painter was Marshall of Newmarket, between whom and the owner of the horses, Lord Darlington, a misunderstanding arose before the plates were completed, and that nobleman withdrawing his patronage from the enterprize, the consequences fell heavily upon the young engravers, who saw the fruits of much time, anxiety, and labor, destroyed at a blow. Views of Ouse Bridge, York, for Dayes's works, and Thorney Abbey, Cambridgeshire, after Alexander, for Lysson's *Britannia Depicta*, evidence rapid improvement in their department; while some outlined divinities for Hort's *Pantheon*, and a series of heads of mere mortals, with some statues and historical groups, also in outline, for the "Historic Gallery" a republication from the French, account for the employment of his time down to the beginning of 1808, when the extensive series of plates illustrating Pinkerton's "Collection of Voyages and Travels" absorbed for several successive years, the greater part of his time and attention. An adequate idea of his powers might well be formed from the conduct of this work, could the difficulties encountered and surmounted in its progress be known; but the public see only the re-

sult, and something more is often necessary to appreciate individual exertion. Much of his valuable time was frequently absorbed by barren and unprofitable matters, many of the plates were engraven from mere tracings, many abortions of Art were remodelled and vamped up; the best of the whole are some original subjects from the skilful pencil of Alexander: but there is hardly one in the multitudinous collection, amounting to one hundred and sixty, that does not testify to the engraver's pains-taking exertions.

During the progress of this publication, Mr. William Cooke had projected and commenced the first edition of "The Thames," to which George Cooke contributed only three plates, Monkey Island, Temple House, and the Gateway at Tilbury Fort. The "Thames" was the precursor of the "Southern Coast of England," a work memorable on many accounts, and of incalculable importance for its action, both on the public taste and the Art of engraving. Early impressed with an unbounded admiration of the works of Turner, and sharing in a deep and well-founded conviction of the advantages likely to accrue from any plan which should place those wonders of the pencil more immediately within the scope of public attention, the brothers seldom met without discussing their favorite topic, and many a scheme was formed and abandoned, before their wishes could be achieved. At length, perseverance and industry having vanquished all obstacles, the first number came out January the first 1814, and continued at intervals until the appearance of the sixteenth, and last, in the spring of 1826. Of the series of plates, George Cooke engraved one third, namely, Poole, Lands-end, Corfe Castle, Blackgang Chine, Netley Abbey, Teignmouth, Brighton Beach, Brighton Chain Pier, Pendennis Castle, Lulworth Castle, Dover, Margate, Hythe, Tintagel Castle, and Watchett; together with eight Vignettes. The success of this splendid and original work was commensurate with its merit. The public saw with astonishment and delight the matchless emanations of the great master mind in Art, here transferred to the copper, with a kindred feeling, rendering available to all, by the multiplication of engraving, those productions, whose possession had been limited to a scanty few, and of whose very existence millions were obliged to learn by hearsay.

The movement in the practice of engraving here commencing forms an epoch in its history.

An improved edition of the "Thames" followed, containing some tasteful and elaborate specimens of graphic skill from his hand; amongst these "The Launch of the Nelson," and "The Fair on the

Thames," after Clennell, and "The opening of Waterloo Bridge" after Reinagle, are deserving of particular notice. He had previously executed fourteen small views in the Scandinavian peninsula, after sketches by Sir T. D. Acland Bart., as well as some ten or dozen miniature views for Pinkerton's "Petralogy;" and he completed an extensive series on a larger scale, of which a few had been finished by his brother, for Sir Henry Englefield's work on the Geological features of the Isle of Wight, and the neighbouring coast of Dorset. This engagement, united to a fondness for and knowledge of the science, led to his engraving, for several years, the plates affixed to the Transactions of the Geological Society; but that learned body finally disused calcographic, and adopted lithographic illustrations, a conclusion that could only have been arrived at by considering the Arts geologically.

Three plates of higher pretensions, and in different walks of Art, next claim our attention: one, the Iron Bridge at Sunderland, from an outline by Blore, with a vigorous effect of light and shade thrown in by Francia; the second, after a drawing by Alexander, of the great Bacon's statue at St. Albans; and the last a view of Gledhouse in Yorkshire, after Turner; each is excellent in its kind, but the statue is the greatest effort, and warrants the justice of the inference, in which he has occasionally acquiesced, that had he devoted his time to the historical line of Art, he would have acquired equal celebrity. From those highly wrought productions, such was the comprehensive versatility of his talents, we trace him proceeding with the same facility and success to works of a slight and sketchy description: into the Peak scenery of Derbyshire, published by Mr. Rhodes of Sheffield, he transfused all the grace, spirit, and expression, of Chantrey's originals.

Meanwhile the influence of the "Southern Coast" was powerfully acting on public taste. Some of its earliest effects were Hakewill's "Italy," and the "Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland." For each of these works he executed some interesting plates: in the former, two of Naples, the Campo Vaccino of Rome, and Florence; in the latter, Edinburgh from the Calton Hill, after Turner, Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel, and Edinburgh from the Braid Hills, both after Calcott, rank with the happiest efforts of Art; and, of the Edinburgh Views in particular, it is not too much to assert that at the time of their appearance they were unequalled.

In 1819, appeared Allason's *Pola* with thirteen plates, of which the frontispiece, a magnificent architectural composition after Turner, and



by others are from George Cooke's accomplished graver. Some clever plates executed for the Society of Dilettanti, should likewise be here enumerated. Mr. Stanhope's *Topography of Olympia* contains seven of his productions; and a few occur in the engraved *Marbles and Terra-cottas* published by the Trustees of the British Museum.

Contemporaneously with several of the later productions here cited were a series of scriptural subjects etched in shaded outline, which, along with others by Mr. Moses, were affixed to the handsomely printed Bible of the Cambridge University Press.

On the first of May 1817, appeared Number one of the *Botanical Cabinet*, undertaken by him in combination with the Messrs. Loddiges of Hackney. This scientific work displays, in the details of its execution, the same active taste and judgment that pervades all his performances: it originated in a friendship which its progress cemented and confirmed, and which was only to terminate with life. Ten plates, small indeed and slight, but full of accurate and tasteful discrimination, were supplied monthly by his indefatigable hand, for nearly seventeen years; the last number, completing the twentieth volume, appearing in December 1833. The progress of this publication may be adduced as a rare instance of exemplary regularity, that in an undertaking depending wholly for its illustrations on a single individual, has few parallels.

In 1825, he finished his engraving of *Rotterdam*, from Calcott's fine picture belonging to the Earl of Essex, and shortly afterwards he issued a prospectus announcing a series of Plates from the same eminent painter; of which two, *Antwerp*, and *Dover*, were begun and considerably advanced. But his *Rotterdam* was destined to be the origin of vexation and disappointment, the returns from its sale having been left for accumulation and security in the hands of agents who became insolvent, the hard-earnings of his skill and industry were irretrievably lost. This event had an unfavorable influence on his plan, and he found himself compelled to suspend his operations on those plates, the rather that he was fairly embarked in the development of a long cherished and favorite idea, of which the British metropolis was the theme. His "*London and its vicinity*" was now in progress, and at its outset there appeared sufficient reason to hope that industry and perseverance, guided by talents like his, might ensure success; but he was again to drink of the cup of disappointment.

The adaptation of steel plates to the purposes of Book illustration, that has recently effected such extensive changes in the arcana of publishing, and which it is at once conceded has already benefited,

and will doubtless farther benefit the Arts, by diffusing far and wide their choicest embodyings, was for a time confined in its application to cheap and trashy ephemera, catchpenny plans to undersell, not emulate, works of sterling merit. By a work of this class the "London" of George Cooke was opposed, and the usual machinery of puff and advertisements set in motion. For a time he maintained his course with precision and cheerfulness, but one pair of hands was not equal to such a contest; and, vastly inferior in every other requisite attraction or claim to public notice, his adversary's punctuality, and above all, his cheapness, turned the balance. In considering the causes whence arose the delay in the appearance of the "London," it readily occurs, that, a mind uniformly occupied in seeking after excellence, and regarding no sacrifice of time and labor as too great for its attainment, has little chance of preference where celerity of progress and regularity of appearance, are deemed paramount recommendations. To this obvious reason must be added the necessity of providing for the passing hour, the shock given to his spirit of enterprise by the loss on "Rotterdam," and the pressure of the heavy hand of domestic affliction. These co-existent influences are more than enough to account for the interruptions which have attended the publication of this interesting work. Another important and unusual source of delay arose from the increased size of the plates, which actually augmented progressively as the work advanced, to nearly double the size of those in the first number; while the most anxious care was exercised to include all that was striking, peculiar, and attractive, and the transcendent abilities of Calcott, Stanfield, and other artists of celebrity, lent their aid to adorn a work continued till death intervened without the usual incentives to exertion. Although he was not without a latent expectation that the public would do tardy justice to its merits, he had resolved to suspend this publication at the twelfth number, leaving it open to be continued to twenty numbers, as covenanted in the original prospectus, should circumstances hereafter justify his proceeding: but, with the completion of the plates for the twelfth number, his life attained its limit.

In the spring of 1833, issued another work drawn from the teeming metropolis; the subjects "Old and New London Bridges," executed conjointly with his son Edward W. Cooke, who also made the drawings. In a suite of twelve plates, the aspect of the Old and New Bridges, the demolition of the one, and the gradual advancement of the other, are rendered with a masterly fidelity of drawing, light, shade, and execution, that stamp these admirable plates the perfection

of architectural engraving. Cobbet's Magazine Nos. 3 and 7, contains able reviews of the "London Bridges," and "London and its vicinity," by a distinguished writer on Art, which may be consulted with advantage by all that wish to form, or to reform, their taste. Among his single plates those in Nash's "Views in Paris," Colonel Batty's "Views of European Cities," Baron Taylor's "Spain," and more recently several in Starke's "Norfolk Rivers," and one of Southampton, after Copley Fielding, for the "Gallery of Painters in Water Colours," the gem of the collection, must not be forgotten: neither can this notice of his works be closed without reference to the exquisite figures etched by him in certain plates by Henry Le Keux, in the Scotch work before cited.\*

This enumeration of his works, all imperfect as it is, tells more forcibly than words could describe of his invincible application, and entire devotion to his profession; the hour had now arrived when those labors were to terminate, and to terminate with little previous warning. At the close of 1833, in speaking of his uninterrupted health, he observed that his sight was as strong as it had ever been, and that he only knew the tooth-ache and the head-ache by name. In the month of January, he experienced two slight indispositions from colds, from those he apparently recovered, and on Wednesday the thirteenth of February, he came to town from Barnes where he resided, and visited the British Institution, the Exhibition of Bonington's works; and in the evening attended the Graphic Conversazione; and his friends were delighted to see him apparently in the full enjoyment of vigorous health, and the perfection of his faculties: in a fortnight he was no more, having sunk under a violent attack of brain fever, on February the twenty-seventh. He was interred at Barnes, March the sixth, and was followed to the grave by a numerous train of friends anxious to pay the last sad tribute to departed worth.

Mr. Cooke was one of the founders of the Artist's Joint Stock Fund, a member of the Calcographic Society, and one of the nine engravers united for the purpose of engraving and publishing the pictures in the National Gallery; in furtherance of that design, he had selected for his first plate, and made some progress in etching from the picture, Rubens' admirable landscape. In the practice of his profession he deemed himself peculiarly fortunate, inasmuch as it fell to his lot to produce

\* In the *Athenæum* of March the eighth, it is stated that Turner's "Views in England and Wales," contain several plates from his hand; this is a mistake; he did not engrave one for that collection.

some of the earliest plates engraven from the works of Turner, Calcott, and Stanfield, respectively; the first in the "Southern Coast," 1814, the second in the Scotch work 1819, and the third in his own "London" in 1827. He strongly participated in the dislike entertained by nearly all the eminent engravers to the introduction of steel plates, and, as he conscientiously believed that the consequences would be disastrous to an Art which he loved above all things beside, he, in common with the seniors of the profession, openly proclaimed his determination never to work on the hated metal. This is not the place to discuss either the policy of such a resolution, or the worldly wisdom of those who both made it and broke it; our attention is solely required to the conduct of the individual, who, resisting firmly all temptations to the contrary, and they were many and powerful, strictly adhered to his word.

To this brief sketch of a life actively employed in the culture and improvement of a profession of the first importance from its beneficial influence in the present highly-civilized state of society, a few words may be added from the knowledge acquired in a friendship of more than a quarter of a century's duration, to mark the character and record the virtues of the man. The buoyancy of spirit before alluded to, was one of the most striking points in his character, it was accompanied by a well regulated cheerfulness, a kindliness of manner, and a prepossessing address, that won the good-will of all who approached him. His virtues were those which place their owner among the most estimable of human beings; industry, perseverance, temperance, and unsullied integrity: he may be said to have worn his heart on his lips, and it was a heart overflowing with good-will to all mankind. He has left a widow and six children to mourn his loss: five others had preceded him to the tomb.

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#### ROCKS AND THEIR APPENDAGES; CONSIDERED IN THEIR PICTORIAL RELATION, AND PICTURESQUE CHARACTER.

"What is Clifton! with its poor hot-wells and its mean, miserable river filthily creeping along? Or even Matlock, with its pigmy mountains and shallow glens."

*Carne's Letters from Switzerland and Italy, p. 133.*

THERE are tourists, who when they get upon stilts, or rise in their stirrups to gaze on a prospect, if they do not happen to think they are greater or taller than others, yet think they see farther or know

more. This may have been the case with this intelligent and agreeable tourist. It must be confessed that he carries his readers along with him in the most entertaining way imaginable.

In this prosy like way of travelling, it is impossible not to partake of his perils; to be cheered or chilled as the mountain pass, or peaceful valley figure in his descriptive pages, till struck by the passage quoted at the head of this article, the mind undergoes a sudden revolution. The ideas formed from a knowledge of the spot thus spoken of, and the opinion of all who have visited St. Vincent's Rocks, are set at nought, as well as of those who travelled over the same ground in Switzerland and Italy as Mr. Carne, but who have borne testimony to the magnificence and beauty of Clifton and its scenery. But arguing about taste is like walking in a circle, there is neither an end of it, nor in it. Mr. C. may have seen the rocks at Clifton, under certain impressions unfavorable to their influence on his mind or temper; it was not certainly for want of tact in viewing the charms of nature, as all his writings are wonderfully imbued with a sense of their value and importance, both in a moral and religious point of view. In estimating their character then, whether in regard to their pictorial or their geological character, neither the clouds of prejudice nor those of temper, should for a moment enter into the account; as in the case of Savage, who falling out with the people of Bristol, takes occasion to vent his spleen on rock, and river—

"Sons! while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,  
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,  
With thoughts as narrow, as of words immense,  
As full of turbulence as void of sense."

But in whatever way the rocks of St. Vincent may be viewed by tourists or others, in the eye of the painter they are found to be replete with every quality of a character suited to the pencil. Still speaking as an artist, they are daily and hourly losing their character, and the spoliator, man, is at their base, blowing up and excavating them in all directions.

Those who are fond of calling names, or designating mankind from their habits and propensities, might name a man, a meddling, as he has by some been called, a cooking animal. Not content with taking things as he finds them, and where in some cases he would shew his good sense or his reason to leave them, he must be interfering, or as he calls it, improving upon nature's plan; often making additions which only serve to shew the insignificance of Art, when opposed to the gran-

deur in form and magnitude, upon which these chaotic fragments are piled up and put together. While the work of destruction is carrying on at the bottom and sides of these rocks, there is also a power exercised to collect and preserve specimens of that, which is soon to pass away, be trodden under foot and fly off in road dust; and in a variety of forms present their polished surface as ornaments for the mantle, and subjects for the study of the geologist; and it may be centuries before any great or very visible alteration may take place in these works of nature, yet it is impossible for the artist, or any admirer of the wonders of creation, and the beauties by which he is surrounded, not to feel some revulsion in him at the felling of a tree, or the blowing up of a rock, when he looks for its place and can see it no more. I still speak as an artist, though in the eye of the merchant, the speculator, or the macadamizer, I may be thought to speak as a fool.

The peculiar feature of the Avon as it passes the rocks of St. Vincent in its passage to the British channel, is the contrast which presents itself on either side; on that of Clifton, all is rock, sterility, and barrenness; on the opposite, it is clothed with fertility, verdure, and Sylvan beauty. Nightingale Valley, as it is called, is perfect enchantment; young trees springing into life, others in their prime, and some again bending beneath the weight of years, present to the moralist the different stages of human life, and to the painter subjects well suited to the pencil.

A rock, a stream, and a tree, are at all times sufficient materials for landscape composition; such they are always seen in the works of Salvator Rosa, and in their place are found subjects worthy of his pencil. But whether as regards fore-ground or distance, detached parts, or viewed as a whole, Clifton and its vicinity abounds with beauties; and pity it is, that the hand of the innovator, without adequate advantages, should interfere, either by addition or diminution, to alter any portion of its genuine character. The projected bridge, with its preparatory Swiss toy of a cottage, if meant to be left as an embellishment, is at variance with good sense and good taste; it is even worse than improving a ruin so justly reprobated by the late Gilpin, author of *Forest Scenery*.

It is but of late years that Clifton and its scenery has made an important feature in our public exhibitions, and certainly that (by an artist of the name of Pyne) which appeared in the Suffolk Street Gallery, is among the most conspicuous. The view was taken about half a mile on the Clifton side of the sea walls, in which a building

called Cooke's Folly, was seen in the middle space; the river on the left, and the Welch mountains in the distance. The effect under an evening sun was mellow, glowing and harmonious.

Although the above mentioned view may be considered as embracing many advantageous qualities in Art, yet all who are acquainted with the varieties and charms of nature, well know that she is no niggard of them under many different appearances both in form and effect, and no monopoly can be exercised to the exclusion of any candidate for her favors; and to such candidates may be left the choice and study of what this beautiful and richly variegated place affords.

Whether education or what is called an aptitude of mind, disposes men to look on the beauties or the grandeur of nature's works with interest or enthusiasm, may be questioned; for it has been argued and very justly, that there is nothing in the objects themselves to call forth the powers of the imagination as displayed by the painter or the poet; and though we should not exercise invective on those who cannot appreciate the value and beauty of such objects, still it is for the interest and happiness of mankind, that they should be brought to a sense of the advantages of what is called an improved perception, and what Addison has termed a polite imagination. Be this as it may, the poet and the painter, consider rocks and their appendages as their exclusive property, and are apt to find fault with those that disregard or destroy them. They certainly belong to the romantic, whether in poetry or painting; in the latter, however, there are too many that pass for rocks in their representation; which are in fact but masses of certain colours, with some sort of form under which rocks are seen.

It is then assuredly the business of a painter of landscape or romantic scenery, to acquaint himself with, not only the form and character of rocks in general, but with the details of their marking under the different strata in which they are seen. Richard Wilson, the best landscape painter that this country ever produced, seeing he united the qualities of a Salvator, a Claude, and a Gaspar Poussin in his works, made the study of rocks a peculiar object of his attention; and one of these studies was once in the possession of the late Paul Sandby, and among others of Wilson's drawings, was sold some years back to Hurst and Robinson.

Rocks are for the most part picturesque in their character; many of them, in their combinations are examples of composition, and like what are called accidents in Art, are of nature's providing, and such



as no invention can supply. Of these, examples may be found in the Cheddar Rocks, Somersetshire, and those of Hartlypool, in the county of Durham; these latter when seen at low water, are at once fantastic as well as picturesque. In the view of the artist, objects of admiration, in that of the mariner, of dread and alarm.

Mention has been made of a view, in which rock, river and distance were combined to give character to the prospect from Clifton, we may also remark that another artist of our day and school, has made these rocks his study. It is understood that Mr. Danby, whose sublime composition from the Revelations, where the inhabitants of the earth are calling upon the rocks to cover them—was a native or resident of Bristol; if so, it accounts for the grandeur and character of the falling rocks as seen in this performance.

What the study of the antique statues, and the proportions and character of the human figure is to the painter of history, the study of rocks, mountains, grounds, foliage, &c. is to the painter of landscape. These must be studied in detail, their character and markings drawn with accuracy, and committed to the sketch-book ere the artist attempts to delineate their general character from the store-house of his memory; or he may find himself in the predicament of one who should paint a sea-fight, from a notion he had formed of it without having seen a ship or even the ocean.

It is fortunate as well for Bristol, as for any large manufacturing or commercial town or city, to have in its vicinity an ample portion of ground, whether of a pastoral or romantic character, where its inhabitants can occasionally wander, and “try the still compared with active life.” In this instance, few places can afford more scope for contemplation, or for the enjoyment, as well of the beautiful as of the sublime, than Clifton, its downs and general scenery; and if the gay paraders of those walks derive no advantage in perambulating them, beyond such as any more ordinary scenes would afford, both their taste and understanding must be of a very limited character.

Connected with Bristol and the scenery brought into view by these remarks, are men eminent for their talents in Art and literature, who were either natives or long residents of the town or its neighbourhood. Among those of recent date in Art, Mr. E. H. Baily, the sculptor, stands eminently conspicuous. An artist whose works would do honor to any age or country. Mr. Danby, whose sublime compositions do honor to the British school of Painting; Mr. Rippin-gill, whose talents have been justly acknowledged; the late Mr. Bird, a member of the Royal Academy, whose versatile powers embraced

both the elevated and the familiar in Art. To these may be added the ill-fated Chatterton; the haunts of Clifton, Nightingale valley, and its woody scenes, may have soothed his melancholy, assisted his aspirations, or inspired his gifted mind. It is mentioned in the life of Chatterton, by Mr. John Davis, that "he had a taste for drawing, that in his excursions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches or ruins."

"In these walks it may also be presumed, that he looked round on nature with the eye of a poet. In his poem of Clifton, the images supplied him by history, are strongly associated by the prospect before him."

In conclusion, whatever travellers or tourists may think, or write "of Antres vast or deserts drear," the scenery of Clifton, as well as other places in our own country, will furnish both artists and poets with all that can attract, soothe, or elevate the mind, to any argument however glorious, beautiful or sublime.

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#### LEAVES FROM MY POCKET BOOK.—SECOND SERIES, No. II.

"Je dors par nuit, je rêve par jour."

**Fashion versus Taste.**—The influence of fashion so despotic in modern times, is most prejudicial both to Art and taste. Instead of being governed by them, it more or less controls them; and as its very essence is caprice and waywardness, it agrees with them only by chance, and never for any length of time together. What it was in raptures with yesterday, to day it pronounces abominable, and to-morrow will scorn as ugly and vulgar that which excites its highest admiration to-day. Scarcely has a man completed furnishing his house in the most ultra classical style, when he discovers that his refinement is already stamped as vulgarity, and that the reigning mode requires every thing to be *à la Louis Quatorze*. Or has he erected a mansion after the most elegant models of the Tudor Gothic, he learns that fashion has turned its current in favor of the spurious and tasteless fancies which mark the rapid degeneracy of the Art during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Nature does not more surely abhor a vacuum, than fashion does a pause. Like Penelope's web, its doings are ever to be undone again; so that an occasional manifestation of correct taste and good sense, in the fashionable world, is almost a certain fore-runner of some preposterous extravagance repulsive to both. The

ancient Greeks were the votaries of taste; the modern French those of fashion: a more decided antithesis cannot very well be conceived; and hence it happens that while the latter people have "*le beau*" eternally in their mouths, they have the least apprehension of, and the least relish for it, of any nation on the face of the earth. Nothing, perhaps, better describes the sort of feeling which predominates in fashion than a term of its own, namely the word *rage*, a puerile madness for whatever it attaches a passing importance to, whether it be a new theory or a new bonnet. Were the sphere of fashion more confined, its tricks and whims would be comparatively harmless, but unfortunately there is now almost a universal rage for being fashionable, and to this or to money-getting, nearly every thing else is more or less sacrificed.

*Raphael's Skull.*—Not very long ago a great deal of fuss was made in many foreign journals, relative to Raphael's Skull, or what was supposed to be such, having been found; yet even supposing there was no room for questioning the genuineness of the relic, it is difficult to discover what interest could reasonably be attached to it, so far from being honorable to the objects of it, superstitious reverence of this kind is in reality humiliating and degrading, because most vulgar and mean must be that esteem which can be in any degree influenced by the exhibition of bones, rags, or any other relics, which have nothing whatever to distinguish them from any thing else of the same kind, or to identify them as what they are "said" to be. Hence there is always a very great chance of being gulled by a hoax, nothing being easier than imposition in such matters, where credulity is a *sine qua non*. Granting, however, that there was no "pious fraud" in the above instance, which after all is not utterly improbable, for so long as admiration is thus easily to be excited, there will be those who think it worth their while to find dupes,—of what value is the discovery? It is Raphael's *brains* and not his skull, that the world stands in need of. There are empty skulls enough upon living shoulders to render it very superfluous to hunt for them among dead men's bones.

*Perspective.*—Considering the great pains generally taken to stupefy and disgust us on our very first outset in any study, it is wonderful that the number of blockheads is not far greater than it actually is. One would almost imagine that teaching and *botheration* were synonymous terms. Take for instance such a quizzical specimen of instructing a pupil as one which directs him "how to put a house in the Gothic style into perspective!" Now if he think at all, is not the unfortunate scholar in extreme peril of drawing a most blundering

inference from such a precious *rule*, and of supposing that instead of one simple law of vision, there is a particular regulation for at least, each separate class of objects? another most approved custom almost universally adhered to in all books of perspective, is that of selecting as examples the very ugliest things possible, whether buildings, pieces of furniture, rooms, or aught else: as if a tasteful design would not answer the purpose just as well as a frightful bricklayer's pattern for a cockney cottage; or a plain yet elegantly formed sideboard be quite as suitable an illustration as a kitchen dresser; nor less absurd than this horrible perverseness on the part of professors—of the initiators, albeit they themselves do not always seem to have been initiated, is the stolidity of the “enlightened public” generally. Nothing is more common than to hear persons—those of course who ought to know better, talk of the *Art* of perspective; or remark “there is a good deal of perspective” in such a picture: “the perspective in that drawing is quite wonderful,” &c. &c. all the while there is no more *Art* in perspective than in the multiplication table: a complex subject must of course be far more operose than a simple one, but its difficulty merely regards time and labor, since the same principle which directs any one single line, directs ten thousand lines. Nor would it be a whit less nonsensical to call out “how wonderfully fine is the grammar in that poem!”—“what a great deal of grammar there must be in such a large book!” than to express ignorant astonishment in what is a parallel case.

*Can Architects write?*—Judging from the “descriptions” usually attached to the majority of published designs, we may be allowed to doubt whether they really can: for very rarely indeed does such letterpress convey any information beyond what is to be obtained from the prints themselves. Nay, we may almost question whether the merit that may be discovered in what they have done, be not rather accidental than intended, or the result of determinate purpose. How, indeed, is any one to be certain that the latter is the case, unless the architect himself condescend to tell us so? It will perhaps be said that like every other work of *Art*, an architectural design ought to speak sufficiently plain for itself, and to need no other interpreter. To a certain extent this is correct, yet not wholly so, because there will always be so much that is either entirely arbitrary, or else governed by particular circumstances, that unless those circumstances, or the particular intention of the designer be explained, we cannot altogether appreciate what has been done. An architect ought to be able to anticipate every question likely to arise, and be prepared to show that

he has duly considered every particular in his design, and that he has done so and so, with a view to some definite purpose or effect. The neglect of such explanatory remark is attended with a twofold evil, in the first place it deprives publications of the class alluded to, of much positive interest they might otherwise possess; and thereby prevents their becoming so popular as they otherwise might; and in the next, it causes architects themselves to bestow less consideration on their designs than they would do, were it expected of them that they should enter into all the "*whys*" and "*wherefores*" of their own designs.

*Leeds*

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### ROYAL ACADEMY.

Messrs Westmacott and Howard have delivered a course of lectures on sculpture and painting, distinguished alike for learning, eloquence, and research. We shall endeavour to allude more particularly to these subjects hereafter, though we could wish that some regulation of the academy would (by causing all lectures given therein to be printed) supersede the garbled analysis which it is alone in the power of a periodical to give. *Thence*

### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

On Saturday, March 22nd, the Members of this Society opened their Rooms in SUFFOLK STREET PALL MALL EAST, to the nobility and gentry, invited by tickets to the private view, with their annual exhibition of the works in painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving of Living British Artists. Among the visitors assembled on the occasion, though not so inconveniently numerous as usual, we observed many individuals of the first rank and consequence, both in wealth and talent, and, we may add, no inconsiderable display of beauty.

On the Monday following, admission was given to the public at large, when the rooms were again fashionably attended.

This is the eleventh Spring exhibition of the society, and it gives us pleasure to be able to assure the lovers of the Fine Arts, that, both

in amplitude and general excellence, it very far surpasses any that have preceded it. The pictures are of a quality altogether superior to those of former years, and it will be seen that in the main, fair dealing in the arrangement of the various works contributed, has been the order of the day. Those placed on what is technically called the *line*, viz. the line of numbers running horizontally with the eye—are, with few exceptions, performances of first-rate merit, while those placed above or below it, are either of an inferior class, less interesting in subject, or not so ably painted, as the case may happen; or they are of a size requiring that they should be removed farther from the spectator, in order that the eye may at once embrace the entire. In some few instances, good pictures have undoubtedly been consigned to inferior situations, and vice versâ; however, we have the satisfaction to say that we have heard of no complaints on the part of the contributors, and we may presume therefore that each is satisfied the best has been done for his interests that circumstances would allow.

Such complaints have been but too frequent and too well-founded of late with respect to the hanging at the Royal Academy, and the British Gallery, more particularly the latter; and it is only by adhering to that principle of strict impartiality and good faith which has hitherto regulated their proceedings, that the Society of British Artists, a small and unaided body, will be able to maintain a successful struggle with the more favored FORTY, now that the latter are permitted, at the expense of the nation, to come and entrench themselves so immediately before them. They must remember that those laws which are sufficient for the abatement of any ordinary nuisance, will not, in this case avail them, and that it is only by a rigid perseverance in the policy we have pointed out—that policy which gives to their friends and partisans, whoever they may be, “a clear stage and no favor,” so formidable an opposition can be met. But to our task:—

NO. 8. CAIUS MARIUS SITTING AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE—*W. Linton.*

“The city of the sea, ere Venice was a name,—

The mighty heart that battled for the empire of the world,

And all but won; yet perished in the strife!”

The destruction of Carthage, a city so long the seat of heroism and power, the terror of Rome, and the mistress of Spain, Sicily and Sardinia, is a subject of all-engrossing interest to the artist and the

scholar, and accordingly it has supplied the matter of many an elegant essay both in literature and art. Mr. Linton's present view of the noble wreck is large and imposing, but at the same time rather monotonous; the figure of Marius strikes us moreover as being considerably too small, and the fore-ground as requiring larger detail. Without wishing in the slightest degree to deter Mr. L. from the prosecution of a course of practice for which his attainments so eminently qualify him, we cannot but confess our greater partiality for the more simple adaptations of his pencil—such, for instance, as No. 186. *PEGWELL BAY, NEAR RAMSGATE*, a work which evinces a strong and artist-like feeling for nature. We would particularly compliment him on his able management of the sky in the latter composition, which, however much it may be at variance with the prevailing taste of the day, is fresh and effective without being chalky.

Mr. Linton has a work painted with still less of the bravura, but its merits are too prominent to be disposed of in a moment, and the claims of others to our attention, oblige us to reserve it for future consideration.

No. 17. *COAST SCENE—J. Tennant.* A scene of considerable merit. The clouds and horizon have a murkiness about them, which we could wish to see removed, and had a portion of the blue-black been dispensed with, the general beauty of the picture would have been by no means diminished.

No. 18. *COAST OF CALAIS—J. B. Pyne.* A work very similar to the last we have named, both in subject and dimensions; we cannot, in fairness, however, award it an equal share of praise, for although an earnest perhaps of something better hereafter, it is totally destitute of that very important quality in a picture—effect.

No. 41. *DON PEDRO CONTENT—B. R. Faulkner.* This little painting of a girl and dog has many excellent points about it, and is the most fanciful the artist exhibits. No. 171. *PORTRAIT OF MISS SOLOMON*; and No. 323. *PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER M'NAB, Esq.* by the same, are finished with delicacy and character: in portraiture indeed, Mr. Faulkner has now few superiors.

No. 43. *A SKETCH OF BLACKWALL REACH—James Holland.* A little picture, displaying much taste and talent. It professes, it is true, to be no more than a sketch, but although slight, the artist knew perfectly well that another touch might, in all probability, have marred the whole of it.

No. 47. *THE MOTHER—E. Prentis.* A small picture, representing an infant family in their night apparel, crowding about their mother,



and occupied in prayer. There is much that we like about the composition, though it is feeble in colour and effect.

**No. 48. PORTRAIT OF MRS. MAINWARING—Mrs. W. Carpenter.** If the head of this whole length, which is comparatively bad in colour, had only been equal to the white satin drapery, and to the attitude, which is quiet and natural, we should have pronounced it a capital performance. The dress is beautifully executed, but perfection in all the details of a picture is, it would seem, scarcely to be hoped for.

**No. 69. THE LACE-MAKER—J. Inskipp.** With all our improvements in the arts and sciences, and notwithstanding that the distaff and spindle have been brought into disuetude by the superior ingenuity of modern invention, with what tenacity do our memories and affections cling to the simplicities of the past?

The examples of primitive industry and homeliness embodied in the scene here delineated, conjure up some of the most delightful associations of our early life; but the increasing pressure of the times awakens the faculties of our countrymen to exertions more and more gigantic, and who knows but those discoveries of the present century which are the admiration of the world, may in the next, have become obsolete and exploded?

An interior, representing in the fore-ground, a young and beautiful cottager—an Omphale of the preceding age—intent on her lace-work, and, in the distance, her aged grandam engaged in a similar occupation, are the chief ingredients of which the work under consideration is compounded. The pillow, bobbins, and all the minor details are, of course, appropriate, and as the whole is executed with that power and originality of style so characteristic of the artist, it were superfluous to add that it attracts much and merited attention.

**No. 60. THE DUKE OF ARGYLE—J. Lonsdale.** *Ipsissimus dux*, we suppose, though it is scarcely modest in the artist to say so, however creditable to his talents; for it is certainly among the best of the numerous portraits—if so we may presume to call it—that Mr. Lonsdale exhibits.

**No. 78. A VENETIAN WATER GIRL—R. Edmonstone.** A beautiful cabinet picture, representing a pretty little lass with a yoke across her shoulders, and a copper vessel at either end filled with water. The distance is clear and firmly painted, and the light is brought out of the picture, putting the near side of the figure in shadow, a difficult thing to manage; Mr. Edmonstone, however, has fully succeeded in this respect, and the only fault we have to find

with him, if any, is that he has given the fair laborer too unconscionable a load.

No. 86. DILIGENCE.—436. COME AWAY TO THE MASQUERADE. *H. Wyatt.* We have so recently pronounced our opinion of the general merits of this artist, that it is unnecessary again to record it on this occasion. The two performances to which we now refer, are both of them clever, particularly the latter; but surely the shadows are quite out of colour, for we cannot, with all the latitude we are disposed to give, imagine the skin of any English lady so foul and swarthy as represented in the masquerader. Mr. Wyatt is singularly infelicitous in the choice of his titles.

No. 121. AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN OLIVER CROMWELL AND HIS DAUGHTER.—*W. Fisk.* The parties are represented at the window of an apartment in a strong light, which is well managed, and the entire is clear and effective. Mr. F. has also a well painted portrait and a strong likeness of Lance.

No. 142. STAGS ALARMED AT THE DISTANT SIGHT OF HUNTERS.—*R. B. Davis.*

"The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste;  
But ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook,  
Like crested leader, proud and high,  
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky."

*Lady of the Lake, Canto I.*

We have always thought highly of Mr. Davis' talents as an animal painter, but never saw them displayed to so much advantage as in the present instance. The locality of the scene is appropriately chosen, and the herbage, and all belonging to it, freely pencilled, though perhaps too uniform in touch, and too much overspread with burnt sienna; but we are more especially pleased with the masterly portraiture of the stags, which, in the alarm produced by the sudden appearance of a party of sportsmen, are seen bounding off in all directions. "The antlered monarch," more bold than the rest, surveying the approaching enemy from a precipice, is a capital specimen of his tribe; but the picture, with the exception of the trivial defects we have pointed out, is good at all points, and will grace the walls of any collector who may be fortunate enough to secure it.

Mr. Davis' grouping of his hunting dogs is excellent, but we must reserve *GONE AWAY*, (547) and several other able performances of his, for future notice.

**No. 147. THE RIVER DART—*F. R. Lee.*** A sequestered and judiciously chosen spot, abounding with wood and water, which are broadly treated, and, moreover, the one is so green, the other so black, and both so cold, that when the dog-days shall have fairly set in upon us, and ices are grateful to the palate, a moment's contemplation of the scene may be found refreshing; but till then, we cannot, we confess, dwell upon it with the satisfaction that we have done upon some of Mr. Lee's earlier productions. It is to be apprehended that, like many others, this gentleman sacrifices too much, to what is called exhibitional effect.

**No. 150. PORTRAITS OF MRS. JOHN BROOKING AND MISS HARRIET BROOKING—*Mrs. James Robertson.*** This lady has great talent, but we could wish the two portraits she exhibits—the above and another (No. 63), had been in water colours rather than in oils, particularly as, in the latter medium, the fair artist does herself less justice than on former occasions, both here and elsewhere. She has an able specimen at the British Institution, and it detracts nothing from her general merit to observe, that it partakes, in some degree, of the character of a miniature drawing, as it is in the latter style of Art she so greatly excels.

**No. 162. THE MOORISH TOWER AT SEVILLE, CALLED THE GIRALDA, PAINTED AT SEVILLE—*D. Roberts.*** Roberts appears to have reaped an abundant harvest of pictorial treasures during his temporary sojourn in the romantic cities of Spain, and the present performance—an exterior of the edifice—is probably one of the most important of them. The lower part of the picture is extremely effective, and the square Moorish tower is very carefully and beautifully pencilled, but we cannot say so much for the sky, which is commonplace, and we apprehend, not consistent with the climate. **No. 315. INTERIOR OF A CHURCH.** A little picture he exhibits on the chimney-piece in the inner room on the left, is one of his choicest studies, combining qualities both in colour and effect, scarcely to be equalled—certainly not surpassed—by any living painter.

**No. 182. PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL BAYNTUN, ESQ. LATE MEMBER FOR YORK—*F. J. Meyer.*** Mr. Bayntun was a dashing young man, and this likeness of him by Mr. Meyer, is doubtless exact; but we cannot approve of the colouring of the flesh.

**No. 197. VIEW IN SPAIN, ON THE RIVER COA, NEAR ELBEDON—*B—, Hon.*** Who this honorary contributor may be, we neither know, nor greatly care, but we see not the propriety of admitting the works of individuals who are ashamed to avow themselves, particu-

larly when they possess no claim to public attention. Honorary exhibitors may sometimes withhold their names from a sense of modesty, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it proceeds from the dread of being taken for an artist. Honorary members evidently shrink from the stigma, and we wonder that the profession should give house-room to their trashy nonsense, thereby affording them an opportunity of passing themselves off as somebody to be referred to in matters of art, and to talk ignorantly of pictures and of painters, whose merits are far above the reach of their understanding.

No. 200. PORTRAIT OF LADY CAROLINE CAPEL.—120. PORTRAIT OF MADAME MALIBRAN—*F. Y. Hurlstone*. The skill of this artist is well-known, and few are more ready to acknowledge it than ourselves, but the specimens he exhibits this year are low in colour, and black withal. His portrait of Lady Caroline Capel is charming in expression, and although he appears in great strength, we are disposed to think this, and his portrait of Madame Malibran, by far the best. In No. 196. HAIDEE AROUSED FROM HER TRANCE, BY THE SOUND OF MUSIC—a passage from the Don Juan of Byron—he displays much power. The heads of the male figures are vigorously painted, but that of the female is a little out of colour, and out of drawing; his draperies too are perhaps a little wanting in breadth. We would not be understood to be speaking as of an inferior picture, but the contrary, for, with all its defects, the work we allude to is one of the highest character contained in the exhibition.

No. 203. PORTRAIT OF LADY MOSTYN—*Mrs. C. Pearson*. The portraits by Mrs. Pearson have ever an air of identity about them; and, in the opinion of many, this, after all in portraiture, is the only quality that the artist need be so very solicitous to produce. The head of Lady Mostyn, however, is worthy of higher praise.

No. 204. THE WHITE MOUSE—*R. Edmonstone*. An Italian subject of much interest, and displaying much of the artist's accustomed tact and talent; but the extremities of the figures are somewhat clumsy, and, we may add of the composition generally, that it is deficient in tone.

No. 213. THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER ROTHER—*J. Wilson*. This is by far the largest work this talented artist exhibits this season. It is, as usual, of a grey, sober colour, and true to simple nature, in which alone Mr. W. appears to delight, and in the representation of which, he so eminently excels. He has many smaller pictures in the rooms, which we shall attend to hereafter, and notice to our readers as they deserve.

No. 227. FRUIT—*G. Lance*. Lance's talent in the imitation of still life of every kind is universally acknowledged, and the present group is accordingly as exactly like, and as tempting to the spectator as the reality of the hot-house. In composition too, it is much superior to any thing of his we ever saw, and, upon the whole, a more choice and unexceptionable performance of its kind is scarcely to be desired.

Mr. Lance has a figure piece also, (No. 126) which is clever in parts, but this is a branch of study that engages less of his attention, and it were unreasonable to expect that it should be equal to his still-life.

No. 232. A SKETCH OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT CALAIS—*S. Davis*. This sketch with many others, exhibited by the same artist, is worthy of very particular notice, being, in our opinion, painted with a strong feeling for what is right in Art; we fear, however, that the public will scarcely do him justice. We shall abstain from entering upon the merits of his works generally at present, but we will with pleasure do so in a future number, when we shall have examined them more minutely. The artist has judiciously taken the entire of his subjects from the continent, where the church of every little town has something, in painting or sculpture, to recommend it to the attention of the connoisseur and the artist, and to render it in some way interesting to all that enter; but although, in the treatment of them, he displays consummate skill, how can his efforts be adequately appreciated in England, where the spectator is accustomed to nothing but white-washed walls and oaken pews, unless, indeed, when the escutcheon of the lord or squire breaks the monotony with a newly daubed piece of buffoonery and ostentation?

No. 248. THE LAST OF HIS NAME—*J. Inskipp*. The story of this little picture is told with infinite and unaffected pathos. A peasant boy absorbed in thought, and "bending his eye on vacancy," appears reclining on a fence at the entrance of a corn-field, and the source of his grief is but too painfully indicated by the strip of crape on his hat. The Duchess of York, in Richard the Third, complains, in the bitterness of her anguish, that

— "Death hath snatched her husband from her arms  
And plucked two crutches from her feeble hands,  
Clarence and Edward."

This poor peasant cherishes, with equal fondness, the memory of those of his family who have gone before him, and vicissitude preys but

the more effectually on his wounded spirit, when accompanied with the reflection, that he is alone—an orphan—and, as the title of the picture so feelingly expresses it, "the last of his name."

In the conception and treatment of this work, Mr. Inskipp has exercised his usual taste and judgment. The figure is painted with great breadth and delicacy, while the bolder pencilling of the foreground throws the sky well into distance, and altogether a more masterly specimen of Art is not to be found in these rooms.

Mr. I. has a third picture in the exhibition, which we shall probably notice hereafter.

No. 277. THE WATER MILL—*C. R. Stanley*. The rugged and broken bits of wood and stone, the straggling herbage, the gush of waters, and the dripping wheel belonging to an overshot mill, are materials adapted to the purpose of an artist, and the subject has consequently become somewhat trite; yet, with us, a scene so really and intrinsically beautiful in nature, reflected through the poetic medium of art, can never tire.

If the present performance, Mr. Stanley has acquitted himself with more than ordinary skill, but his pictures, we observe, are always opaque; and, notwithstanding its general merit, this of the Mill is faulty in the drawing. There are, however, points about it that remind us of Stark. We would further remark that the sky here introduced, is, as Mr. Stanley's skies invariably are, heavy and wanting in aerial effect.

No. 306. THE MONUMENT OF SIR RICHARD STAPLETON IN EXETER CATHEDRAL—*S. A. Hart*. We have been so much in the habit of looking for Mr. Hart's finest productions at this gallery, that it is not without a feeling of disappointment we find he has not on the present occasion, contributed something more worthy of his reputation, that is to say something more important. The monument of Sir Richard is a subject that has scarcely afforded scope for the display of his usual powers, and we will therefore refrain from pointing it out as a fair specimen of them.

No. 349. THE COURT MARTIAL SUBSEQUENT TO THE BRISTOL RIOTS—*Miss Sharples*. The unfortunate business which this production is intended to commemorate, much as it is to be lamented on general grounds, has at all events here suggested the outline of a very curious picture. The elaborate and patient manner in which the details are finished throughout, cannot be too highly commended. Of the figures, we are disposed to exclaim with Goldsmith:—

"Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!"

They are innumerable—literally so—yet the heads of many, particularly of the female portion of them, are pencilled with the most exquisite delicacy and the whole are evidently portraits.

If tradition is to be relied on, one of our early kings secured the freedom of the city to the individual who had the hardihood to marry a Bristol lady, such, in those days, was their extraordinary lack of beauty; we conceive, however, that a privilege so uncalled for at the present time, cannot—if not already done—be too speedily rescinded; as, upon the evidence of Miss Sharples alone, it is satisfactorily shown, that whatever may have been the case in the time of our fore-fathers, the Bristol belles of the present age have nothing so repulsive about them. It grieves us that a performance so generally clever, should not be perfect; for we are obliged, in candour to add, that, with all its merits, it is greatly wanting in effect. As a miniature-painter, were she disposed to devote herself to that department of the art, Miss Sharples would, in our opinion, stand at the very head of her profession.

No. 362. NEAR SUTTON, COLDFIELD, WARWICKSHIRE—*T. Creswick*. A little, simple landscape of no ordinary merit. It is firmly painted throughout, and the trees are touched with admirable freedom. The whole is rich in tone, and good in effect; but the artist has several other landscapes, partaking, more or less, of the same excellencies.

No. 393. PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. W. ALLEN—*Mrs. Col. Ansley*. The lady exhibits muster stronger than usual this season, and it affords us pleasure to see that due attention has been paid to their contributions. We have often viewed with satisfaction the classical and fancy productions of Mrs. Ansley, and although the portrait we here refer to is a work of minor consideration, it bears the stamp of individuality, and is in every way creditable to her talents.

No. 433 and 434. THE COUNTRY CUR AND THE PARLOUR PET—*Miss E. F. Dagley*. A pair of amusing trifles executed by the fair authoress, we believe, whose name is so familiar to the reader.

No. 449. A NATIVE—*H. Pidding*. Of the three small pictures exhibited by this artist, we consider his fishwoman supplying her customers with oysters, decidedly the best. It is exceedingly effective, and painted with a strong recollection of the old masters.

No. 463. BOATS WAITING FOR FLOOD-TIDE—*G. Chambers*. As a follower in the wake of others, Mr. Chambers is entitled to no extraordinary approbation. This performance is undoubtedly one of great excellence, but, like the rest of his works, it is deficient in ori-



ginality. Stanfield has done the same thing over and over again, so that it adds nothing whatever that is new to the stores of Art.

No. 515. *SHIRKING THE PLATE*—*R. W. Buss*. An extravaganza in the manner of the late Theodore Lane, whose broad grins in the graphic line are well remembered. The plate shirked, is a plate presented to an elderly maiden after a charity sermon; but we would ask Mr. Buss, if he is not encroaching a little too far upon the privileges of the amusing H. B.?

No. 534. *WATER MILL*—*J. Stark*. In the contemplation of a landscape of Stark's we are almost betrayed into a notion that we are actually wandering through the localities he so faithfully and so feelingly represents, and in saying this, we conceive that we can scarcely give him higher praise. He has another picture in the rooms, equally worthy of attention with the one which has called forth this remark.

No. 558. *A FOX ON THE LOOK OUT*—*C. Hancock*. In this little performance Mr. Hancock is more playful and, which is of still greater importance, less like Landseer than he was wont to be, for, let the merits of the latter gentleman be what they may, it is no credit to a man of Mr. H.'s talent to imitate him, though ever so ably.

No. 625. *THE CHILDREN OF ALEX. HALL, ESQ.*—*Monsieur Rochard*. We have seen many very pretty miniatures of thine on former occasions, Monsieur Rochard, particularly those of our gentle ones, but of this little group—a trio of youngsters in the manner of Chalon—all we can say is, that we think it but so so, Monsieur Rochard.

No. 637. *FIGURES ON THE BEACH, AT LEITH*—*T. S. Cafe*. Another excellent specimen of water colour drawing. The figures are put in with freedom, and the sky, which by its wildness indicates an approaching storm, is boldly contrasted with the placid waters below—a boat or two skimming gracefully along its surface—so as to tell with an effect scarcely inferior to that of oils.

No. 690. *STREET-SCENE, WITH THE GUILDHALL AND CHRISTCHURCH, BRISTOL*—*J. M. Ince*. A very charming study of a picturesque and interesting portion of the old-fashioned city of Bristol. In subjects of this nature, in water colours, Mr. Ince has few superiors, as this and other performances of his, distributed in various parts of the room, sufficiently prove, and more of which we may notice at a future time; but his paintings in oil, such for instance, as No. 6. *GLEN ON THE EDOW, RADNORSHIRE*, we do not like so well.

The works of *Messrs. Allen, Ayrton, Bartholomew, Boaden, Bone, Clint, Dawe, Derby, Fielding, Foggo, Fraser, Hawkins, Holmes, Judkin, Leigh, Martens, Morton, Nasmyth (Miss), O'Connor, Parker, Poole, Shayer, Smallwood, Stone, Vickers, Wood, Zeitter*, and others, in painting; and *Siever, Leeds, Cotterill, Smith, &c.* in sculpture, will engage our future attention.

The Gallery will remain open several months, so that, in fact, ample time will be afforded us, of noticing every work in the Exhibition, that really calls for especial mention.

### EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AT EXETER HALL.

THE chief objects of attraction at these rooms are the two great pictures commemorative of the Battle of Trafalgar; exhibited by permission of His Majesty. They form part of a series of three, on which Mr. Higgins (the King's marine painter) has been for some time employed. A subject of more touching interest than His Majesty has here selected, could not, we think, be pointed out. Who is not alive to the glorious, though pathetic, incidents of Trafalgar? In submitting these pictures to the judgment, however, we must reject their eloquent appeal to the heart.

The first represents the heat of the action, Nelson's flag ship, the *Victory*, being closely engaged with the *Redoutable* and the French admiral's ship, *Bucentaure*—the sails of the *Victory* completely riddled. It was shortly after the period here chosen, by a shot from the tops of the *Redoutable*, that Nelson

"The king's stoutest champion—the country's bright glory," received his death wound. We cannot dwell on this lamented circumstance; but, it may be recollected by our readers, his last order was, that the vessels should anchor,—a command, unfortunately, obeyed by few; and, as if a prophetic importance were attached to his words, many were lost in consequence of this neglect.

The second picture is, "The Gale after the Action," with the vessels, that a few hours previously had so gallantly careered o'er the depths of ocean, shattered and disabled. We find the *Victory* under jury masts, with Nelson's flag half-mast high—Lord Collingwood's ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, towed by the *Euryalus*—the colossal *Santissima Trinidad* reduced to a mere hulk—A noble seventy-four in the act of sinking. Thus, has the painter related the tale of Trafalgar!

Mr. Higgins' task was an arduous one ; but the honor was commensurate : he has performed it in a manner worthy of the *subject*, and, we may add, the patronage of the *monarch*.

The other subjects in this exhibition, being the productions of old masters, have long stood the test of criticism. We shall particularize only some heads of *Correggio*, as fine specimens of the *grand gusto* of the Lombard school.

### THE SHIELD OF ÆNEAS.

*Now Exhibiting in the Suffolk Street Gallery.*

THIS beautiful specimen of modern Art, is a complete refutation of the opinion held by many that the conceptions of the ancients and their powers of execution are alike unknown, in these our degenerate days. The shield of Æneas, (at least the wax model of what we heartily trust some powerful patron of the Fine Arts, will cause to be formed of more durable material) is of a circular form, and about three feet and a half in diameter. In its composition, the artist (Mr. W. Pitts) has shewn not only great pictorial power in the expression of the poet, but a delicacy of feeling, and harmony of conception which are alike delightful and instructing, even to the judicious critic and the scholar. The adornment of the shield, from the earliest accounts we have of that defensive accoutrement, up to the period when the tilt and tourney ceased to delight the spectator, and the ancient military mode of warfare was lost

————— "in the close successive rattle,  
That breathes the voice of modern battle."

appears to have been a subject of deep and important interest. Nor have the poets deemed it beneath them to blazon the various insignia by which its possessors were distinguished. Thus Homer and Hesiod have sung the shields of Achilles and the son of Alcmena, in language too exquisitely beautiful ever to be neglected, while the splendid description of Virgil has caused the subject of the present paper, and the gay bearings which flash from the panels of many an equipage, whose possessor knows little respecting their signification, may have been celebrated in the pages of the *Mort d'Arthure*, or described in the simple lays of the minstrel of ancient times. In the beautiful production before us, the place of the umbo is supplied by a group of figures representing an assembly of the gods ; beneath whom is Cato, supposed to be presiding over accompanying ghosts : the artist has happily expressed,

" His dantem jura Catonem "

by adducing as accessories Peace, Mercy, Truth, and Justice, while beneath he has equally well designed the abode and punishment of the unprincipled Cataline. We see before us

“Tartareas etiam sedes, \_\_\_\_\_  
Et scelerum pœnas : et te Catalina, minaci  
Pendentem scopulo, furiarumque ora trementem.”

The inner circle exhibits the battle of Actium with the conflicting fleets

“In medio classes æratas, Actia bella”

we have here Cleopatra hurried along by the winds into the arms of the Nile, who, ready to receive the fugitives, opens his protecting waters and tortuous recesses for their preservation.

“Contra autem magno mœrentem corpore Nilum,  
Pudentemque sinus, et tota veste vocantem  
Ceruleum in gremium latebrosaq. flumina victos.”

In the angle is the dog Anubis, and Antony flying in despair, while Apollo shoots his arrows amid his discomfited host. Octavius is also represented as directing the combat; and the attendant attributes, Discord, Mars, Bellona, the Eumenidæ and others employed in the destruction of the Egyptians, are all finely and judiciously displayed. Mr. Pitts has followed Virgil in this portion of the shield by surrounding it with dolphins;

“circum argento clari delphines in orbem  
Æquora verebant caudis.

In the third portion, which comprises the outward circle, are represented circumstances illustrative of the Roman History; all depicted with the utmost faithfulness to the Mantuan bard.

“Illic res Italas, Romanorumque triumphos,  
Haud ratum ignarus venturique inscius ævi,  
Fecerat” \_\_\_\_\_

They commence with the discovery of Romulus and Remus, the rape of the Sabines, and its consequent wars, the reconciliation effected by Hersilia throwing herself between Romulus and Tatius, together with the punishment of Metius who was tied to two chariots, driven in opposite directions, and so torn to pieces for deserting the Roman army in battle;

“citæ Metium in adversa quadrigæ  
Distulerant” \_\_\_\_\_

The other portions are, the coming of Tarquin to Rome, combats between Brutus and Aruns, the Horatii and Curatii, the defence of the bridge by Horatius Cocles, and the daring deed of Clælia, who, having been left with other virgins as hostages with Porsenna, contrived to elude their guards and having mounted horses, swam across the Tyber:

"Et fluvium vinculis innaret Clælia ruptis."

The Salian priests with their sacred shields, Manlius defending the capitol, the sacred geese and pomp of the matrons in procession to the temple of Juno, together with the dance of the Luperi, the procession of the vanquished, and Augustus receiving the vows of victory form the remainder of the leading beauties of this admirable work, which, whether considered as a specimen of artistical genius or the display of a purity in classic taste, will, we anticipate, afford a rich treat to those persons whose refinement of mind enables them duly to appreciate its innumerable beauties.

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*An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Augustan Age, their Architectural Disposition and Enrichments; and on the Remains of Roman Domestic Edifices discovered in Great Britain.* By THOMAS MOULE. 8vo. London, 1833.

It appears from the preface, that this volume, notwithstanding that it is distinct and complete in itself, is intended by the author as an introductory portion to a more extensive history of domestic architecture, should the reception this Essay shall meet with induce him to prosecute his undertaking any farther. Such a history is still a desideratum; for at present we have only snatches of the kind—insulated bits and fragments, which we are obliged to put together for ourselves as well as we can, after the fashion of mosaic work, leaving, however, many gaps and vacancies to be filled up. If we consider the task a worthy one in itself, we are also of opinion, that it could hardly be in better hands, feeling assured that Mr. Moule is not only competent to it, but that he would apply himself to its execution with true affection for the subject, so as to render his work no less attractive to the general reader, than to the antiquarian, the topographer, and the architect. Of this he has given the public a sufficient pledge, in the very interesting account of Hatfield House, in the Second Part of Mr. Robinson's splendid work, entitled the *New Vitruvius Britannicus*.

nicus. Of course, a general history would not admit of similar fullness of illustration in regard to the individual subjects; yet, speaking from other publications, on which Mr. M. has been engaged, we may say, that few writers understand better how to compress much valuable information into a small compass.

This remark ought to be a hint to ourselves, for we seem to be dilating, and diluting our matter, instead of speaking of the publication now before us. This, then, we may observe, strongly corroborates what we have just stated. Much novelty upon a subject so frequently treated of, and which, notwithstanding the light that has been thrown upon it of late years by numerous and important discoveries at Pompeii, is still invested with much obscurity, was not to be expected, neither does the author make any pretensions to it; on the contrary, he acknowledges his obligations to Mazois' very pleasing and elegant production, "*Le Palais de Scæurus*."\* He may, however, lay claim to the merit of having made excellent use of that and various other materials, and of having worked them up into an attractive and popular form. We think it would make a very suitable and excellent prize book at classical schools; or that a cheaper edition of it, with the omission of some of the notes, would be very acceptable for such seminaries. Not only does it contain almost all that is actually known at present, in regard to the subject of which it professedly treats—a subject, by the bye, which is almost entirely kept out of sight at schools; but it also throws a great deal of light upon the domestic manners of the ancients, some account being introduced of the particular purpose to which each of the various apartments was devoted. For instance, in the description of the *Bibliotheca*, we meet with several interesting particulars relative to the books of the ancients. A Roman library must have made a very different appearance from that of a modern one; and books themselves have been not only infinitely more expensive, but more inconvenient also than at present,—at least, those which consisted of long rolls of parch-

\* Mr. M. expresses his surprise that no translation of this work should have yet appeared. The manuscript of one was shown to us not long ago by a bookseller, who declined publishing it, alleging that the original was in a language now so universally studied, that almost every one who would otherwise have purchased such a book, would prefer it in French. Had it been something of equal merit from the Spanish or German, he would not have rejected it. Mr. M. himself has now destroyed all chance of our beholding Mazois in an English dress; he having given us the essence of that work, besides other information not to be found in it.

ment,—if for no other reason, on account of the difficulty of referring to any particular part or passage in the volume.

It must not be supposed from what we have already said, that Mr. Moule's work contains no original remarks or illustrations. A variety of both will be found; while the numerous notes show extensive and industrious research, and some of them contain much curious matter. Among the rest, we observe at page 120, the very encomiastic opinion expressed by the celebrated, and no less singular than celebrated, Cordanus, in regard to Vitruvius. Greatly as we dissent from it ourselves, we point it out for the consolation of those who may think that the Roman worthy has been shamefully traduced of late, not only by his quondam translator, but by the author of the article on Architecture, in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

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*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to MURRAY'S first complete and uniform edition of the Life and Works of LORD BYRON.* Parts XXIII, XXIV, and Appendix. Murray, Albemarle Street: Tilt, Fleet Street.

WE regret much that pressure of matter will not permit us to bestow that space on the consideration of these elegant periodicals which they demand. The work is now completed, and stands forth a never failing monument of the skill and talent exerted in its publication. The twenty-fourth Part contains Harrow and Missolonghi, places celebrated for the commencement and termination of the career of the mighty bard whose works they adorn. There are also portraits of Samuel Rogers, M. G. Lewis, and Madame de Stael, whilst in the twenty-third are views of Negropont, Frescati, and Licenza, with portraits of T. Campbell and J. C. Hobhouse, all of which are illustrated in the Appendix, by W. Brockedon, whose Passes of the Alps are a sufficient warrant of his capacity to the task. We take leave of this elegant work with reluctance, for while we have been delighted with the engraving of the Findens, Giants of the Burin, we have also revelled in the contemplation of him who loves to dip his pencil amid the wild and the beautiful, need we say we speak of Stanfield? an artist, who, however barren the subject might be given him to paint, would so finely temper down the sameness before him, that the eye would not tire at the inspection of what would have been certainly dull and monotonous in any other hand.

Review



*History of England, by Hume and Smollett, continued by the Rev.*

T. S. HUGHES. Vol. II. A. J. Valpy, A.M.

THIS beautiful and cheap edition, like every other work undertaken by Mr. Valpy, falls not from the high ground it assumed at setting forth. The historical embellishments are excellent; the letter-press commences with the reign of Richard I. and terminates with the death of Edward III. We confidently recommend this work to all who wish for authentic information on the eventful history of their native land. *Shew*

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*Memorials of Oxford.*—PART XVI. Tilt, Fleet Street.

THIS number contains the Radcliffe Infirmary, and the church of St. Giles, executed, as seems usual with this beautiful publication, in a style which sets criticism at defiance. *Shew*

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*Finden's Gallery of the Graces.*—PARTS XI, XII. Tilt, Fleet Street.

THIS work, to use the words of its preface, "having extended to the limits originally fixed by its projectors, a collected volume is now submitted to the public" and heartily do we hope that, as it is the first, so it may prove the last attempt to nauseate the public taste with the display of fancy portraiture: "Gertrude of Wyoming" drawn by J. Wright and engraved by W. T. Ryall, looks more like a *blanchisseuse* than the meditative damsel described by T. Campbell, in the the rhapsodical nonsense which accompanies the plate. It would seem, however, that the volume may not set in clouds, for the "Gleaner" by Landseer, engraved by Ryall, is certainly a delightful conception; it is nature: but the "Dreamer" which follows, from the pencil of W. Boxall, hath more resemblance to the icy sleep of the dead, than expression of the balmy repose which rests upon the eyelids of the young and the healthful. *Shew*

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*Family Classical Library.*—No. XLI. London, A. J. Valpy, Fleet Street.

THIS volume treats of the affairs of the Roman Empire, from the de-

feat of Philip at Cynoscephale by Titus Quintius Flaminius, to the period Scipio Asiaticus was liberated from prison by the generosity of Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus. The whole is translated with such faithful accuracy and fidelity to the original, that the classical scholar feels half inclined to repent his studies as useless waste of time, were there not certain delights attached to the language of the old Roman, which none but those tolerably versed therein can possibly understand or describe. *Amu*

*Architectural Director.*—PART I. BY J. BILLINGTON, ARCHITECT.  
J. Bennett, Three Tun Passage, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

WE recommend this little work as an excellent companion to the student and architect. The information it contains is highly instructive, and embraces much that has hitherto been only attainable by the purchase of works of costly price. *Amu*

*Portrait of Sir Thomas Denman, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.*—Moon, Boys, and Graves, London.  
Alfred Barber, Nottingham.

WE hope that the admirers of Sir Thomas Denman will cause the proprietors of this very beautiful mezzotinto plate to rejoice at their labors. The likeness is most excellent, and the velvet of the waistcoat admirably expressed; it is indeed a specimen of Fine Art. *Amu*

*Series of Heads after the Antique.*—No. III. BY BENJAMIN R. GREEN. Rowney and Co. Rathbone Place.

THE present number consists of the heads of Bacchus, Hercules, Ariadne and the Faun. They are all beautifully lithographed, there is a classic sweetness in the Ariadne, and a display of muscular power in the Hercules, completely characteristic of their great originals. *Amu*

*The Pedlar.*—Moon, Boys and Graves, Pall Mall.

THIS beautiful engraving, from the celebrated painting by Wilkie, will, we think, prove a source of great attraction; Mr. Steward has

well and faithfully expressed the painter's conceptions in this print. The grouping and subject are truly excellent; the pedlar's assurances that he gains nothing by the article exposed for sale, the astonishment of one old woman at the price, while the other determinedly asserts her surprise at his extortion; the young girl examining the quality of the gown-piece, and the wife asking an opinion from a husband who professes to know nothing about a matter which he leaves entirely to her own decision, are all truly admirable, and speak for themselves in a manner which none can mistake. We trust that the spirited publishers of this work will meet in this and their other productions, that reward so justly due to them for their exertions in the field of Art.

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*Hide and Seek.*—Moon, Boys and Graves, Pall Mall.

A very pleasing picture, painted and engraved by James Stewart; it reminds us vividly of those days of youth when we were wont to seek amusement in that *anxious* pastime. Whatever work of Art brings on the matured mind the vivid recollection of by-gone days, must be excellent; because it is only by the closest adherence to nature, that nature's chords can expressively be struck. It is a beautiful gem; the anxiety of the children to seek for assured secretion, and the light form and simple manner of the Seeker, evince an intimate knowledge of the chief constituent of the painter's Art, Truth. In our next we shall notice some additional numbers of the engravings from Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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CHIT CHAT.—ARTISTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The meeting was held March, 12th. There were many valuable specimens of Art displayed, particularly a fine portrait of Stothard by Wood; a beautiful copy by Ward of Sir T. Lawrence's celebrated painting of the duchess of Richmond, which for richness of tone and splendor of colouring might challenge the most rigid scrutiny. The ceremony of presenting a cardinal's hat to Wolsey in Westminster Abbey, was aptly described, a *sketch*; we know the artist by name, and would advise him to pause ere he again displays such a deplorable want of the knowledge of architectural proportion and just discrimination in the arrangement of light.

**ARTISTS CONVERSAZIONE, LUDGATE HILL.**—A meeting of this society was held on Thursday, the 20th of March, when many beautiful drawings and paintings were exhibited, among which may be noticed the portrait of Miss Sheridan, and some drawings by Turner, illustrating the poetry of Sir Walter Scott.

**VICTORIA THEATRE.**—This elegant little theatre still sustains the high character which it has recently so justly acquired. Messrs. Sheridan Knowles, Abbott, and others have acquired extensive fame by their exertions on the Thespian car.

**THE SOANIAN MUSEUM.**—There are agitators in Art, as in politics, with whom whatever is, is *wrong*. Some such worthy has suggested the annexation of Sir John Soane's museum to the National Gallery.—Now, without dwelling on the manifest ingratitude of looking (in homely phrase) a gift horse i' the mouth, it must be evidently apparent to every one who has visited this abode of fancy and imagination, this "box where sweets compacted lie"—that to disturb, would be to rob it of half its charms. The ingenious contrivances by which seeming obstacles have been converted into positive excellencies, the magical illusions, the mysterious effects, the picturesque groupings, the *accidental* beauties that every where present themselves would be at once sacrificed by such barbarous iconoclasm. The portrait of the master-mind developing itself in unshakled luxuriance, would be irreparably defaced—the spell of the magician broken—the very soul of harmony driven from its shrine!

**GOLDSMITH'S HALL versus THE POST OFFICE.**—If the architect of the Post Office were heretofore thought to have sacrificed variety and invention for the simplicity (or it may be monotony) of classicism, how much more evidently must it appear since the Hall of the Goldsmiths has sprung into existence. It is not our object, however, to draw invidious comparisons; though we shall hazard a few remarks on the subject of *style*, which indeed are challenged by the situation of these buildings, and the marked opposition they exhibit, as well as by the reflection that each is the work of an artist of the first pretensions, strengthened by great practical experience; who does not therefore enter the lists with untried weapons, but with all the advantages of veteranism.

In the Post Office, we perceive *parts* of exquisite beauty, and in the central portico, an agreeable arrangement of light and shade; but the general effect, it must be confessed, is that of rigid uniformity, degenerating into stiffness and simplicity, strained into an irksome paucity of ornament.

The architect of the Hall, far from seeming the shackled slave of rules, appears to have grappled with and subdued them to his will. He has given us an order, rich without minuteness, and a façade of bold relief, that with considerable embellishment displays masterly breadth of effect. (*The ends are in unison with the front, but in the rear, we find the elements of a new and distinctive character—a contrast we do not consider happy, though the elevation taken, per se, certainly possesses great architectural merit.*)

Judging then of the styles of Greece and Rome, by the examples before us, we fear it has been too much the fashion to abandon the banks of the Tiber for those of the Illissus; but, if we may not cull our architectural wreath from the flowers of both, something may be said in favor of the former.

We have seen by the foregoing parallel, that no refinement in mere matter of detail (which are often indistinguishable at a point of sight proper for the building) can compensate for want of vigor in the main composition; but on the other hand, that in contemplating an *ensemble* of masculine energy and harmonic proportions, the mind is altogether withdrawn from its minutiae—shall we not then give preference to this, on the principle of Euclid, that the *whole* is superior to a part?

**WHEATSTONE'S PATENT SYMPHONION.**—A small wind instrument about the size of an ordinary snuff-box, with the keys ingeniously arranged so that the notes succeed each alternately on opposite sides by which means all the thirds and fifths are together—the tones are elicited from vibrating springs of gold, and are capable of the most delicate expression in the hands of a good performer; when played as a solo, it sometimes resembles a fine violin or clarionet, and embraces a perfect range of the chromatic scale for two octaves, from C. below the lines to C in alt; and is capable of producing harmonics of two, three, or sometimes even six notes in a chord. It is also adapted for the performance of rapid execution. It forms an excellent accompaniment for the piano-forte—there are two or three public performers, viz. Mr. Parry, Mr. Ella, and Mr. Baggs—but we must in justice, give the preference to the latter, for brilliancy of effect on the instrument—he is to be heard every Saturday at three o'clock at the National Gallery of Practical Science, Lowther Arcade—and is about to give a concert at the new London Hotel, Bridge Street Blackfriars on the 2nd of April. We recommend all lovers of music to patronize the same, as the bill he has put forth promises well for a musical treat.

The Duchess d'Escars has ordered the celebrated sculptor Rinaldi,

at Rome, to carve a statue of Joan of Arc in Carrara marble, with which she intends adorning one of her country seats; though some say, it will be presented to the town in France which first opens its gates to the Duke of Bordeaux.

**TOLLS.**—It is a curious fact that the first toll known to have been extant, was levied upon a road (now Wych Street, Drury Lane, &c.) between St. Giles' and Temple Bar in the reign of Edward III.

**DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—As we make our criticisms with the full force of honest ability, we deem it our duty to notice those alterations, which take place in consequence of the observations which we, in common with others of the press, feel called upon to make. The glare of moonlight in the view of Fountains abbey, together with the overpowering effect of torch-light, has been removed, and the picture forms a faultless companion to that most exquisite painting, the Crypt of St. Denis. It is indeed a most beautiful and lovely representation.

**YORK COLUMN, WELLINGTON SQUARE.**—The statue of the late Duke of York will shortly be elevated to the lofty position it is intended to occupy. His Royal Highness is represented in military costume, and the height, of the figure is ten feet three inches.

"Soderini, the Goffaloniere, of Florence, having had a statue made by the great Michael Angelo, when it was finished came to inspect it, and having for some time sagaciously considered it, poring now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and at length on the foot itself, the statue being of such perfect beauty that he found himself at a loss to display his powers of criticism, only by lavishing his praise. But only to praise might appear as if there had been an obtuseness in the keenness of his criticism. He trembled to find a fault, but a fault must be found. At length, he ventured to mutter something concerning the nose; it might he thought, be something more Grecian. Angelo differed from his Grace, but said he would attempt to gratify his taste. He took out his chisel, and concealed some marble dust in his hand; feigning to retouch the part, he adroitly let fall some of the dust he held concealed. The Cardinal observing it as it fell, transported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed, "Ah Angelo! you have now given it an inimitable grace."  
—*D'Irabel's Curiosities of Literature.*

**ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE.**—That splendid work in twenty volumes folio, once belonging to Mr. Hanrott, was sold by Mr. Evans a short time back, for £556: 10: 0—being not more than half of its original cost.

**ANTIQUITIES IN FRANCE.**—Some interesting researches are in progress at Arles, in France. The interior of the celebrated amphitheatre has been dug up, and many discoveries have been made which will prove of interest to the antiquary. Considerable curiosity has been excited by the researches made upon the site of the theatre itself; as many objects of Art were formerly found there, the researches are looked to with avidity. It is well known that the Venus of Arles, was dug up in 1648. The authorities of Arles offered it to Louis XIV, by whose order it was placed in the gallery at Versailles. The recent researches have led to the discovery of a beautiful head of Diana, which is a splendid Grecian model, and of a marble equal to the Apollo Belvidere. A statue of Silenus has also been found. A beautiful head has also been dug up, of such dimensions as to lead to the idea that it belongs to a statue of 10 feet high. What has, perhaps, excited most attention is, a native altar of most exquisite finish, and in an excellent state of preservation.

A Russian vessel lately brought to Cronstadt, the skeletons of three Mammoths, found in a subterraneous cavern in the island of Podresse, one of which, it is said, the Emperor Nicholas has signified his intention to the French Ambassador of sending to Paris, to be placed in the Gallery of Natural History, at the Garden of Plants.

**NECROLOGY—Cagnola.**—The Marquess Luigi Cagnola, who died at his estate near Milan, August 12th, 1833, in his seventy-fourth year, was one of the comparatively few Italian architects of the present day, who have obtained particular distinction. Being originally of a wealthy family, he attached himself to his profession entirely through choice; and may therefore reasonably have pursued it with a generous devotedness. It is therefore so much the more to be regretted that he did not emancipate himself from the prejudices and trammels of his native school; and instead of looking to Palladio as infallible authority, seek rather to profit by those stores of architectural taste, which were shut up from the *cinquecento* masters, but are now become accessible to all. Although his style was less corrupt than that of Palladio and his contemporaries, it still retained too much of the old leaven. Among his earliest works, is the Villa Zarla, in the district of Creniasco. During the dominion of the French in northern Italy, Cagnola was commissioned to execute many important works, the Tessino Gate at Milan; the chapel of St. Marcellina, in the church of St. Ambrosius; the arch of the Simplon, &c. &c. The last mentioned is one of his finest works, a magnificent structure of the Corinthian order, executed in white marble, enriched with statues and bas



reliefs in bronze, cast by the brothers Manfredieri of Milan. At present it is not completed, but will it is supposed, be entirely finished in the course of about two years; it will then be the noblest modern work of the kind in all Italy, and an honorable monument of its architect's abilities.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, (1825) makes the following mention of Cagnola: "besides many unadopted and magnificent designs, unadopted because too magnificent, he is the architect of the yet unfinished but noble arch of the Simplon, and of the beautiful Porta di Marengo, at Milan, which is in truth, the façade of a pure Ionic temple. We think him indeed more thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of Grecian architecture, than any of his predecessors, since the revival of the Art, and can only express our regret that he has not made public some of those beautiful designs which gave us so much pleasure from their inspection, and which from their nature are very little likely to be ever realized in a more solid manner. We particularly allude to his designs for an Hospice on Mount Cenis, and for a triumphal bridge.

THURMER.—We have to record the death of another architect, namely, that of Joseph Thurmer, professor of architecture in the Dresden academy, who died of a consumptive disorder, at Munich, November 13th, 1833, just ten days after his forty-fourth birth-day. After pursuing his studies for some time at Rome, he visited Greece, but seems to have been less captivated with the remains of antiquity there, than with what he had previously beheld in Italy. He published, however, some views of Athens; another publication, in which he associated himself with Gutensohn, was a series of engravings after the arabesques in the *loggie* of the Vatican, and in the Villa Madama near Rome. Of his taste and ability as a professional architect, the new post office at Dresden affords highly creditable proof. He also executed the new military guard-house in the same city, the design for which was furnished by Schinkel.

SENNEFELDER, the inventor of the art of lithography, died on the 26th ult. at Munich, in the 63rd year of his age.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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J. M'Gowan, Great Windmill Street.

